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Orua pin.

Rhodes, sculp.

DON ALGONAH.

London Published June 1782.

DON ALGONAH;

OR THE

Sorcerers of Montillo.

A ROMANTIC TALE.

SECOND EDITION.



Sullen and sad to fancy's frighted eye
Did shapes of dun and murky hue advance,
In train tumultuous, all of gesture strange,
And passing horrible !

CHARACTACUS.

London:

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DON ALGONAH.

AMONG the noblemen who were distinguished for splendor and festivity in Madrid, the Duke d'Axala ranked foremost. On the event of a grand fête, he gave a brilliant entertainment at his palace in the capital, and invited every person whose nobility or birth entitled them to notice. The serenity of the night, and the enchanting music of the orchestra, added to the refulgence of innumerable lighted tapers, reflected in mirrors of uncommon extent and beauty gave the scene an appearance of a paradise formed by art. About midnight a stranger stalked in, who appeared to be between fifty and sixty years of age, and of an erect stature. A heavy darkness sat on his brow; and the attention of the assembly seemed divided between his austere figure and that of a young lady whom he conducted, whose fine form half eluded inspection under the concealment of a long veil.

"What an incomparable lady!" exclaimed the Marquis Rondolos to the Marquis d'Antares, who had turned pale at their entrance, but now recovering himself replied, "Ah, my friend Olivaro, can you penetrate the veil which conceals the better half of her face?—I must see more of her features before I can hazard an opinion of her beauty!" At this juncture the veil of the lady was lifted up, perhaps to satisfy their curiosity, and she took a timid glance at the company, and the two strangers, whose visible emotion betrayed their feelings. "Now, Marquis!" exclaimed Olivaro, "is my opinion good or bad?—What eyes!—Did you mark the smile she beamed upon me? What tenderness it expressed?—But I see you look a little jealous, my good friend!" "I will give you leave," replied the Marquis d'Antares, "to solicit a priority in her favour; and this the more readily as I believed she is engaged." "How!" cried

Olivaro, "Engaged! to whom?" "To one," replied his friend, "whose claims are irresistible---a rival who is your superior, whom no earthly power can resist. I learnt this intelligence not many hours since.---The appearance here, in this festive scene, of the gloomy Cavalier who accompanies her, is very strange." "Do they quit Madrid soon?" eagerly asked the Marquis Rondolos. "Remember, young friend," replied D'Antares, "she may remain in Madrid, and be for ever secluded from you." Ha!" exclaimed Olivaro, "a convent---is it so?" "Yes," replied the Marquis, "I know Don Roderigo Algonah too well to hesitate a moment on this head.---No offer that you could make, neither of rank, title, nor estate, would he accept.---You are ignorant of the turpitude of his character, the crime that preys on his soul!" "What crimes?" demanded Olivaro. The Marquis started, and then waved the explanation of the subject to a more convenient opportunity; adding, that, if he wished to form an acquaintance with this dogmatic and haughty being, he had his own talents to abide by, and the opportunity now presented itself.

The Marquis d'Antares then withdrew, and left Olivaro overwhelmed with surprise; and, contemplating the words of d'Antares, he thought he traced in them the spleen of a disappointed lover, fearful of his more fortunate success. Under this impression he advanced towards the strangers, and requested permission to pay his respects to Don Algonah, and dance with the lady. "It is not my pleasure that she should dance," replied Algonah, haughtily. The Marquis attempted to apologize, and directed his eyes towards the lady, who remained silent without daring to look up. "Do you live at Madrid?" said the Marquis, inarticulately. "I am *now* in Madrid," said Don Algonah, "but you are very inquisitive, young man;---you are ignorant who I am.---Senor, this lady will not dance." The visible distress which seemed to agitate the lovely face of the lady inspired Olivaro with effrontery to offer his services in introducing them at court, if they were strangers there. "Your familiarity, Senor," replied the father, "compels me to desire that you will immediately leave us." Olivaro bowed to the lady, and then returned to a corner of the saloon, to contrast the different manners of the father and daughter, and to invoke heaven to protect her from the solitude of a mouldering cloister. The strangers had withdrawn, before he perceived their exit.---He flew after them, and discovered a female figure walking by the moon-light,

whom he mistook for the lady he sought. After paying her many gallant compliments, her easy manner encouraged him to lift up her veil, but his eager curiosity was readily satisfied, when he beheld the haggard visage of an old lady, whose vanity and dress had made her the jest of half Madrid.—Disgusted, he turned her away, and had sauntered gloomily down one of the avenues, when repeated screams suddenly alarmed him, and a burst of confusion, mingled with the cries of distress impelled his footsteps towards the spot whence they proceeded. One of the lattices of the saloon was in flames; to which he immediately hastened, but was prevented from entering by the crowd pressing to get out. With a strong arm he tore down one of the window frames, and in this manner effected an entrance. The Marquis d'Antares, whom he had supposed to have retired, was busily engaged in extinguishing the flames; and, at a little distance on a sofa, lay the lady whom he had been so eagerly seeking. Raising her inanimate form in his arms, he endeavoured ineffectually to bear her through the crowd. With the assistance of D'Antares they lifted her through the window into the garden, when the change of air renewed her recollective powers. "Ah, Cavalier," said she tenderly, "is my obligation due to you? But where is my father?" "He was not in the room," replied D'Antares, "when the accident happened.—Be assured, however, Amaranta, of his safety.—But how is it that I see you in Madrid when I thought you were many leagues distant? And how is your sister?" The Marquis Rondolos, during this conversation, held the half-recovered fair one in his arms, while he imbibed a pang of jealousy that reached his heart. "Ah, Marquis," said he, "I thought you were not so well acquainted with this lady?" "Is this your friend?" said Amaranta, turning to D'Antares: "pardon me if I omitted him in my thanks to you; but in the confusion, I lost every recollection."

The Marquis d'Antares now introduced his friend, and gave him the opportunity of asking where he might have the pleasure of enquiring after her health, and rekindling his almost extinguished hopes. "At present," said Amaranta, "I am at the palace of the Count de Bellara, with my father; but I feel so much recovered, that I hope the fright will produce no farther ill effects." The Marquis d'Antares now left them alone, and Olivaro lost no time in asking the question which most interested him. "Lady," said he, "is it true that you are about to retire from the

world—to forget the duties you owe to society for the inactivity of monastic seclusion?” “Alas,” said Amaranta, “all human happiness is transient!—Where is the festivity so recently exhibited on this spot! Pain follows pleasure, and reflection would embitter my days if I were to refuse perfect obedience to the rigid commands of my father.”

Olivaro had taken her hand, which he suddenly dropped on the appearance of Don Algonah, who sternly ordered his daughter to follow him, and stalked away without deigning to notice Olivaro. The latter, finding the company had left the gardens, retired, intending the next morning to call on his friend for an explanation of several sentences which appeared mysterious; these he supposed might arise from his incomprehensible character, which was a mixture of the deepest gloom and most lively gaiety.

Proceeding homewards Olivaro saw two men, whom he supposed to be robbers, in close conversation at the corner of a street.—While he observed them from the side of the way unenlightened by the moon, a third man joined them. The three then crossed the street to the spot where Olivaro stood, who, conscious that he was discovered, drew his sword and stood in a posture of defence.—The first person who approached whispered to Olivaro to follow him, “For what purpose?” said Olivaro. “For my pleasure and your own too!” rejoined another voice, which he immediately knew to be that of his friend. “When I quitted the room,” said D’Antares, “I set your servant and mine upon finding the residence of Don Algonah, not imagining that we should ourselves make the discovery.—So now, therefore, remember I am your friend, and bury your suspicions without enquiring my motives.” They soon after arrived at the Marquis d’Antares’s, where the servants were dismissed to rest, and he carefully locked the door.—“Why all this precaution?” said Olivaro. “What are you going to disclose that requires such midnight security and silence?” “Look at the hour of the clock,” said d’Antares, “the hand is now at one—at this dread hour promise me secrecy.—Swear!” Olivaro swore he never would reveal the sacred truth he was about to confide in him. “Know,” said d’Antares, “that the levity I display is all assumed: a corroding poison gnaws my heart and damps all my joys.—I had once a friend, now lost to me, and it is you alone I would have to supply his place.—I am in love, but not with Amaranta; believe me, I am too honourable to deceive you; and, if the progress of my narration stagger your be-

lief, remember that it is the Marquis d'Antares who asserts its veracity.—You recollect that your sick cousin, Marano de Pinato, was my juvenile and most intimate friend, whose death report has falsely assigned to the Moors.—Brought up in the camp together, we were inseparable either in dangers or amusements. Having been to chastise some malcontents, our troop was quartered in the city of Grenada; near which laid the beautiful and extensive mountain of Sierra Nevada, covered at its summit with eternal snow; and the rocks of the adjacent country, from whose height the shores of the Mediterranean, touching the horizon, are just visible. One day, as we were following the winding banks of the Darro, we sat down to enjoy the variety of the surrounding scenery.—We were regretting the fate of the Morescos, nine hundred thousand of whom were banished by a cruel and impolitic edict, to the deserts of Africa, when we perceived a small boat floating down the stream, without any guide in it. The eddy of the current drove it to the shore, and, from a spirit of knight errantry and amusement, we entered it.—It had but one oar, which served to steer us in the centre of the river: the tide wafted us by romantic castles and over-hanging rocks, till the spires of Grenada were lost to our view, and the approach of night required us to return.—This, however, became impossible from the current being against us, and having but one oar: in the mean time dark clouds began to gather, and the wind to agitate the water: a heavy rain succeeded, and we in vain sought for shelter, while the boat, driven, by the tide, moved rapidly on.—In half an hour we came in sight of a ruined Moorish castle, boldly projecting to the water's edge—Its fragments seemed to cover a large space of ground, and its main tower was still standing. Hither the water drove us from the opposite point of the river, to the stairs which led up the rock to the castle.—Marano, who was impressed with the superstitious mysteries of ruined recesses and subterranean caverns, expressed some alarm from the danger of robbers. The awful lightning bolted through the arched windows of the tower, and served to conduct them to a small porch, leading to the main part of the fortification.—Advancing arm in arm, with their swords drawn, they mounted a narrow staircase which led to the turret.

“ The flight of steps led us to a chamber, in which the lightning shewed us no other furniture than a broken bench, a rusty pike, and a Moorish turban. Amid the peals of

thunder, we imagined that voices floated through the avenues, which were again-deadened by the fury of the waves and the rustling of the trees. We had scarcely seated ourselves on the bench, when a continued blaze of lightning illuminated the chamber, and Marano, in a hollow voice, bid me look in the corner to the right."—"It is either a murdered traveller, or a robber," continued he. "If so," replied I, "let us plunge our swords into him before he does us any mischief: yet hold!—as there is but one to two, we will examine him before his comrades take the alarm, if he have any!"

"We moved along the creaking floor, and I stooped down and took hold of the object, when a sudden burst of thunder made me loose my hold, and Marano suggested that the mysterious power which had conducted us into this adventure had reserved the examination for *him*.---He then cautiously lifted up the supposed robber, and found it was only a bundle, encircled with a leathern belt, which he cut with his sword, whence a heavy piece of metal dropped out, and rolled to a distance.---In endeavouring to recover what had fallen, my foot struck against a pointed instrument, and, on taking it up, I found it to be a dagger, without a case: from its roughness, it appeared to be rusty.---"Rusted with the blood of some poor innocent, doubtless!" said Marano, "But give me the dagger, I will preserve it at every hazard!"

"The storm had now proceeded beyond us, and we thought of returning; but our unfortunate bark had been beaten to pieces against the rocky shore. "Never mind!" said Marano, "the same invisible agent that led us here, will conduct us back to Grenada.---Though you are ready, I know, to ridicule my belief in magic, I am more confirmed in it, from the recollection of an event that harrows up my imagination.---Nine months ago, the day on which I came of age, instead of enjoying a feast I had prepared for my comrades, I was ordered out to forage. Our way lay through a deep and unbrageous defile, so intricate that we every moment dreaded an ambuscade. I had halted in the rear to push forward the stragglers, when the sound of steps behind caused me to turn round, and I perceived a lame soldier, whom I had not observed before.---I halted till he came up, and then said, "What accident makes you loiter so far behind your comrades?"---"Marano de Pinato," said he, in the tone of a dying man, "I have received a deadly

blow!--My hurt lies deep at my heart.--You, Marano, you alone can cure me!" "Who! what are you?" exclaimed I, surprised at such an address from a common soldier.--"Who or what I am signifies not---but what I am may you never be!--Swear by the rolling orbs above us, that you will redress my wrongs.--Swear, or a dark and terrible fate hangs over your house.--Your future fortune depends on the decision of this moment.--Consent or die!" Impelled by the little danger I thought there was to be apprehended, and his injunctive manner, I granted his request. "Bravely said!" he eagerly exclaimed, and he extended his hand, which I took in mine, but it felt like the cold touch of death.--At that moment the music struck up a quick march; and I turned round to look at the wounded soldier, but no one stood near me.—The apparition recurs to my remembrance so strongly on this night, that I fear it will call on me for my promise of revenge: and the dagger--but, hark the sound of a step approaches!" A slow step now advanced up the stairs, and slowly traversed the chamber, making its exit at the opposite avenue. "Who goes there?" exclaimed Marano. "Who goes there?" returned a voice, "If you be a friend," cried I, "advance!" "Advance!" repeated the voice, which somewhat alarmed us; but, other questions being repeated, we found it was the echo of ourselves that answered.

"We waited now till the morning light, and after inspecting various parts of the fortification, which we afterwards learned had been partly destroyed by fire by the order of Philip, to prevent resistance from the Moors, we returned to the chamber, where the bundle we had half examined in the night attracted our attention.--Near to it lay a small portrait; Marano took it up, and seemed absorbed in the contemplation of its beauties. "If the original live," said he, "I will make her mine for life!--Ah! but where can I find her?" "Most probably," said I, "as she is drawn in a Moorish dress, she has suffered by the cruel edict of Philip: some ruffian-hand may have closed those smiling lips for ever!"

"On opening the bundle we perceived it to be a Moorish dress, stained with blood: it did not appear from its fashion to have lain there any length of time; and Marano suggested that it might belong to the person who had crossed the chamber.--We therefore mounted to the battlements and searched all the upper chambers, carrying the bloody habit, the dagger, and the portrait, with us: and, except that we traced

muddy footsteps on the floor of the second chamber, we returned uninformed; and immediately after commenced our journey on foot back to Grenada, where we safely arrived in the morning.

“Marano, every day more enraptured with the portrait, sought for the original every where: lamenting the singularity of his fate, which precluded him from knowing if his mistress were old or young, dead or alive. Quitting Grenada in about a fortnight after this adventure, we entered the inn yard of a village in Andalusia.---Here a travelling fortune-teller, mounted on a tub, was amusing the gaping countrymen with his nostrums and gestures. Observing us to smile, he turned to us and said, “Senors. I know that which one or both of you would give the world to know; mark that, Senors!” Marano immediately whispered me that the speech applied to himself, and,” continued he, “I will have this man to sup with us when the villagers are gone.”

“The landlord was a person of much whimsicality, and when we informed him it was our wish that the conjurer should sup with us, he invited himself to be of the party.---In a few minutes after the host introduced the nostrum vender, and when we were seated he began to rally the doctor on his occult occupation. “Let us first get our supper,” said the conjurer; “after that, landlord, do you bring in three candles; the *occult* science does not fear *light*.” When the host had quitted the room, the conjurer begged of his guests to dismiss him, when he had shewn him a few legerdemain tricks.---The candle being brought in, he exhibited some philosophical experiments with quicksilver and other metals; after which the landlord received his *cong  * to retire. “Now,” said Marano, who had conceived a high opinion of the conjurer’s ability, “for the prophetic part of your business.---I earnestly wish to know my future destiny.” “Let me see the palm of your hand,” said the fortune-teller.---“You will travel long before you find rest. You will live to old age if you escape a danger that will await you, of perishing by the sword of violence.---Some lurking secret even now employs your thoughts, and--” “Look at this picture!” said Marano, interrupting him; “Look and tell me if that lady exists!” Rimanez (the conjurer) took the picture, and started as he gazed upon it. “Where did you get this?” he exclaimed wildly.---Dim are those beautiful eyes!---Dead is that lovely form!---Gone for ever!---Vanished, flown!” While he continued this rhapsody, he stalked about the room; and

at length, laying down the portrait, he disappeared in an instant. "Why there now!" exclaimed I, "these are the very tricks of a conjurer:---Is not a soldier always in danger of long journies and violence.---Your countenance is itself a gloomy picture, and the fashion and workmanship of the miniature is sufficient to hazard an opinion upon it." Even Marano abated something of his confidence in Rimanez, when he learned that he departed with all his equipage early on the following morning.

"Our route continued till we arrived at an inn at Tolosa; and here we slept in separate beds in the same room. My rest however was twice interrupted by the superstitious bodings of my friend, who felt assured that some misfortune was passing over him. Indeed there proved to be truth in his conjecture; for he had scarcely closed his eyes, before the midnight clock struck, and a weight I felt on my breast induced me to open my eyes.---By the light of a lamp I saw a figure leaning over me, with his left hand resting on my arm. "Marquis d'Antares," said he, "follow me!" "Marquis," said I, "I am not the Marquis, while my father lives." "He is no more!" said the unknown, and he sat himself down on the bed, while I rose to dress. "What is it you require?" said I; "What is your purpose?" "Ask no question," said he, "but follow me by yourself!"

"By the twinkling of the lamp I saw he was a common soldier, and his countenance looked horribly cadaverous. My friend's story rushed into my mind, as he stepped on without noise, and I followed. We passed several bye-paths and crossed two bridges; at length we entered into the bowels of a mountain, through which an aperture conducted us amidst the gloom of total darkness to a forest.---"Do you note this spot?" said my conductor. "But let us advance a little farther." We were now in a close recess of trees, a place which appeared adapted for the concealment of robbers, waiting to attack the unsuspecting traveller.---The stranger again spoke: "Marano is your friend and mine; he has sworn to be faithful:--attend to me!" "For what purpose?" I demanded in a firm voice. "Ascend that tree," said he, "and there, hid among its branches, observe in silence what will soon pass below you. Be silent if you would be secure!" As I touched his hand in ascending, it felt like the coldness of a corpse; and when I had taken my station, and looked round the foot of the tree for him, he had disappeared.---In about half an hour I heard two men approach, who sat down on the grass beneath me. While one of them with a rapier examined the bushes,

the other opened a wallet, whence he drew some bread and garlic, which he spread on a cloth. While they partook of their repast, one of them said, "Perez, our services formerly were better paid than they are now; but he shall repent it!—His borrowed dignities shall be wiped away!—The Moorish castle, that is the secret which—" "Aye," replied Pedro, "that secret must for a time remain within our own breasts.—But, were my suspicions well founded, by the thunder of heaven they should swallow this rapier!" "I have my doubts," replied his comrade, "but if I had not then heard two voices, I would have amply satisfied myself.—That chamber, and yet I am not a coward, that chamber quite unmanned me!" "Fool that you were!" cried Pedro, "to let two simple travellers carry off the only positive evidence we could bring.—The dagger alone would have confounded him, and proved a princely provision for us!—The old Don has not yet returned, I hear; but when he does, let him beware!—He thought he had gotten rid of us when we were captured by the Turkish galley!" "Ah!" replied Perez, trembling, "I shall never forget that dreadful night.—I shall never forget how he struggled, and near this spot too!—I felt some repugnance at the horrid deed!" "Why, as for that," said Pedro, in a rough voice, "many a man stops short of the journey he set out upon.—It seems the Don has disposed as easily of his second wife, as he did of the first.—Yet, if he had not meanly cut off our salary, I would not have been his enemy." "Nor I," replied Perez.—"But you know the hint I gave you the other day: the ladies are both delicate creatures, and old Algonah, no doubt, to save his neck would consent.—The nephew indeed, who is the only male heir, and lately come of age, may be an obstruction.—In that case he must be put out of the way; therefore, as D'Antares is now at Tolosa, we will directly—"

"Overcome by rage and horror, I exclaimed, "Villains! murderers!" and leaped from the tree sword in hand.—My weight brought one of the robbers to the ground, whom I pierced through the heart. While I was extricating my sword, his comrade, Pedro, wounded me in the arm, and I fell on the body I had killed. Unable to distinguish me in the dark from his companion, he buried his dagger deeply in him; and, after receiving a blow from the butt end of his pistol, which deprived me of sense, he went away, fully satisfied that he had avenged his comrade's death by mine.

It was morning before I recovered my recollection; and I lay in the most helpless state, when the barking of a little dog, who had discovered me, attracted the notice of two ladies to the spot. After the first emotions of pity and surprise had subsided, I addressed them. "Ladies," said I, "I have been attacked by robbers.—I have a brother officer at Tolosa, if you will have the goodness to send for him, he will come to my assistance." "It is fifteen miles from here to Tolosa," said Clementia. "Senor, you must have immediate assistance, and I and my sister will hasten it."

"In ten minutes they returned with several servants, who carried me on a litter of boughs to a large and magnificent Gothic structure.—Here I had a chamber and a hoary-headed domestic allotted me, from whom I learned that the castle bore the name of Montillo, and its owner was called Don Roderigo Algonah. "How strange!" I exclaimed; "but pray is the Don at home?" "No," replied the servant, "he is gone to Grenada for a month, according to his annual custom, a fortnight of which has elapsed.—The ladies who assisted you are his daughters.—Ah! they would make us happy; but the castle, when he is present, is but a dungeon, and he is so mad and melancholy at times. Indeed such horrid tales are told about ghosts gliding along its under-ground caverns, that they would make your hair stand on end.—Indeed I have heard groans, and clashing of swords and rattling of armour, in the eastern chambers, but the Don will not suffer them to be entered." "Pray is Don Algonah married?" "No," said Michael, "but he has had two wives, and would have had a third, but the lady was afraid to venture.—Now, Senor, I should like to die in my peaceful bed, you perhaps in the field:—but not in the way report speaks of them, Senor:—but I'll say no more, Senor, except that old Vertola, who is as gloomy and reserved as his master, knows more than any one."

"Being overcome with sleep, I dismissed the domestic, and enjoyed a sound repose for two hours.—When I awoke Marano was at my side; his countenance had something portentous in it, as he demanded of me if I had received news from Madrid. "My dear friend," said I, "I have learnt my father's death some hours since at Tolosa." I then related the manner in which I had heard it, and the subsequent cause of my illness. "This," replied Marano, "is an extraordinary business; and you and I are selected to be the instruments in it.—Don Algonah, I know, is my uncle, the younger bro-

ther of my mother; and I am his sole heir if his daughters die without issue.—His first wife died when I was very young, from a surfeit at a feast: he immediately after married a second wife.” “What was the name of his first wife?” enquired I, eagerly. “Her name,” he replied, “was Juliana, daughter of the then Governor of Lima.” “Holy powers!” I cried, “she was my mother’s sister,—a sister whom she has lamented as destroyed by an earthquake with her husband, after she herself had returned to Spain, and married the Marquis, my father.” “She might remain for ever concealed with Don Algonah,” replied Marano, “because he never quits the castle.—My mother was his sister.—My father died directly after his marriage, and my mother terminated her life at the hour which gave me birth; since which I fell under the guardianship of the Marquis Rondolos, who procured me the commission I now enjoy, till I am of age to claim my father’s property.—Respecting Don Algonah, I only know that shortly after his sister’s death, he went abroad to repair his extravagance, and returned from our Colonies more rich than respected. His second wife was a lady from Grenada, whom he married about the time of Philip’s persecution of the Moors; and she died in less than a twelvemonth, leaving a daughter, the Lady Amaranta.”

“Our conversation after this reverted to the inn at Tolosa.—My friend informed me that he had dreamed during my absence, that the wounded soldier had stood over him, and reproached him with the disregard of his promise; that he then bid him rise, and revenge his friend, if he fell.—The soldier after this opened his coat and displayed a Moorish robe, streaming with blood; the terror of which awakened him, and which was increased on actually finding that I was absent from my bed, without the knowledge of any one.—His anxiety was afterwards relieved by my messenger, whom he immediately followed to fly to my assistance.

“While Marano and I were discoursing upon the words of the magician Rimanez, the strange reports circulated about the eastern range of the apartments, and the favourable opinion we seemed to hold in the minds of Algonah’s two daughters, old Vertola entered the room. Marano had just pulled out the portrait to gaze on it; which he presented to the old steward, and asked him if he had any knowledge of the features. “Know it!” exclaimed he, as the tears fell down his cheeks; “why it is the very likeness of Lady Juliana, my Lady Amaranta’s mother, whose portrait is in the

picture-gallery.--I will shew them to you, Senor, but we must tread very secretly." "I should like to see my aunt, Lady Cleona," exclaimed Marano: "I am of the family of the Pinatos, and nephew to Algonah."

"The old man then conducted Marano through some windings to the gloomy gallery, at the end of which hung two portraits. "This to the right," said Vertola, "is Algonah's first wife; she died very young, and it is reported of a surfeit.—This is Lady Cleona, his second wife—she died too; but, Senor, a close tongue, as the saying is, makes a wise head." "True," said my friend, "and a word to the wise is sufficient." In the mean time he had unfolded the dagger, and presented it to Vertola, who started at the sight, and asked where he had obtained it. "This dagger," replied Marano, "I found in the castle of Montillo, in a Moorish habit, clotted with blood: now dare you trust me with your confidence?" "Listen then, and I will be brief:" said the old steward.—"Of the death of Lady Juliana I know nothing certain, as I lived at that time with my Lady Cleona in Grenada.—I had a sister named Lucilla, who was waiting maid to Lady Juliana, and lived with her in the castle.—Don Algonah, since their return from New Spain, became jealous of her; and Philip's persecutions breaking out, he was frequently absent for a long time together—no one knows where. One night he suddenly arrived in very good humour, and supped with my lady off an elegant entertainment he had ordered.---Now, Senor, whatever was the cause, she died the same night. The body afterwards laid in state; and though Don Algonah remarked to every one that she was little changed by death, it did not quite silence suspicion. On the fourth day the coffin was screwed down, and interred in the chapel vaults under the castle.---Now, Senor, comes a very odd circumstance:---my sister Lucilla, half distracted for the loss of her mistress, wandered about one night after putting the little Clementia to bed, till she came to the chamber where Juliana used to sleep when Algonah was absent ---The door stood ajar, and she pushed it open, there she beheld the figure of her late mistress kneeling, at the foot of a table before a crucifix.---While Lucilla stood immoveable with terror, Don Algonah seized her, and carried her into her chamber, where she related this circumstance to me; since which time I have never heard any thing of her." Dreadful suspicions awaits on Algonah!" said Marano: "but now my old friend, let us turn to the picture which resembles this miniature."

“ Hark !” said Vertola : “ was that a footstep ?---Senor, let us separate : I will meet you in your apartment at twelve !” Marano, after having gazed a moment on the picture of Lady Cleona, returned to inform me of the conversation with the steward ; and, big with expectation, we counted the tedious hours till his rap at the door announced that all was secure.

“ After a cheerful glass or two of wine, Vertola began : “ Lady Cleona was of Moorish lineage, but married early in life to Count Alvarez, by whom she had a daughter. They lived at the once-beautiful castle on the banks of the Darro. Don Algonah was the friend of the Count, notwithstanding which he fell in love with his lady : now, when the edict of Philip exiled and ruined the Moorish families, Don Algonah came one night with two soldiers ; and Don Alvarez set out for the castle of Montillo, as a place of safety, disguised in a soldier’s dress.---On the road, however, my unfortunate master was murdered ; and the soldiers, who looked like assassins, have never been heard of since.---The garb he wore has lately been found in a wood near this castle, torn and bloody. Don Algonah then conveyed the Countess and her daughter to Grenada, and ordered me to bring all the valuables to my master in his retreat : then it was I learned the death of Lady Juliana, and the murder of my master ; the loss of my sister Lucilla quickly followed. One night, shortly after I had resided with the Don, I heard high words between Algonah and Barnardo, his old steward.---I secreted myself, and heard his master threaten to strike him dead at his feet, unless he quitted the castle instantly ; “ and,” the Don added, “ I shall send a *trusty guide* with you, to see that you actually return to your relations in Murcia.”

“ Barnardo was then heard of no more at the castle, and I was appointed to his place ; and received an order to fit up the apartments of Lady Juliana, for the reception of my lady the late Count’s wife, who was immediately after married in the castle to the Don. A splendid entertainment was given on the nuptials, and many of the nobility were invited.—At twelve o’clock, the dances being finished, the company assembled in the large Gothic hall to supper.—In the midst of the entertainments, which were truly brilliant, and just as the castle clock tolled one, a fearful cry was heard : the lights became instantaneously extinguished—the company rose in dismay, while I hid myself behind the tapestry, and no one remained but the new married lady and her husband.—In a moment the tapers were re-lighted, and presented the figure of

the murdered Alvarez at the head of the table, clothed in the dress of a soldier. "Behold me!" said the spectre to Algonah; "Know me!—and tremble for thy fate hereafter!" The spectre then raised his hand in a menacing posture; the lights were extinguished, and suddenly burnt again—but the spectre was gone. In the general horror which ensued, I came in for my share. The Don discovered me, and, drawing his poinard, seized me by the throat. "Villain," said he, "for a less crime than this Barnardo was *put away*:—If thou pryest into my secrets, again thou *shalt not escape*!—Go, carry thy mistress to the bridal chamber: not all the ghosts of all the Counts that ever lived shall deprive me of enjoying her.—Go!" I bore her inanimate body away; but from that hour she has never recovered her spirits.

"Don Algonah, after the birth of Lady Amaranta, became disgusted at her reserve, and hated her. The daughter of the late Count Alvarez the Don placed out at Grenada; and, till my lady's death, it was thought she was well provided for.—There has been a report of her death since, but how that happened we must ask Don Algonah!" "For this thou shalt not escape me!" said a hollow voice behind us: we knew by this we must be discovered, but all our efforts could trace no person in the avenues leading to our apartment. After we had spent some time in discoursing upon this mysterious admonition, Vertola retired, and we passed the night without interruption. On the following day the ruffian Perez was buried on the spot where I had killed him.

"On the fifth day of my residence at the castle of Montillo, I found myself so nearly recovered, that I took a walk in the garden with Marano, where we met the amiable ladies Amaranta and Clementia.—A general conversation ensued, which ended in the latter accepting my profession of immutable affection, and equal regrets that we were compelled so soon to leave them. They appeared to be ignorant of the general history of the castle, nor could we fix upon any mode of safely corresponding with them.

"At supper I received a letter from my mother, requiring my presence at Madrid, and detailing the particulars of my father's death.—I was ruminating on this event at my chamber window, when by the light of the moon I saw a man with a dead body on his shoulders, whom I took for the assassin Pedro, bearing away the corpse of his comrade.—I felt some alarm for myself, if this man knew I was an inhabitant of the castle.—The castle clock had reverberated

twelve, and the tale of old Vertola had absorbed me in reflection, when the feeble light of the moon shone on a large picture.---It was a tournament; and, as I sat at the table with my eyes fixed on it, I thought I saw the canvass move, and the two contending knights draw back from each other, leaving a vacancy, which was immediately occupied by the figure of a man, who advanced with a bloody poinard in one hand and a red lamp in the other.---Finding every thing still and in darkness, he quitted the aperture in the canvas, and advanced slowly to my bed.—Supposing I was there, he raised his arm to strike, just at the moment I had recovered from my terror sufficiently to rush to the place where my sword lay: alarmed by the sound of my footsteps, in a moment the light was extinguished, and he escaped through the private entrance at the instant my sword divided the belt of his girdle.—I pursued him by the sound of his tread, till I heard no more of him; from the windings which I had made, I conjectured I was on the east of the castle; the moon occasionally lighted me through a passage leading to a suite of apartments on the ground floor, all of which were fastened, except one; this I entered, and continued through three chambers, groping my way with my sword drawn.

“ The moon beams set full through the window into the fourth chamber, which I now opened, and recoiled with horror, drawing the door too again instinctively.—My blood curdled in my veins: the terrible and detestable reality I had seen fixed me for some minutes motionless to the spot. It was no illusion, for a loud cry immediately followed, and the door was shut too beyond my efforts to open it again.—I had been bewildered in following the assassin, whom I doubted not was Pedro; and I experienced the same dreadful embarrassment in returning.—Having seated myself in the middle of a large staircase till the morning light returned, I insensibly fell asleep, from fatigue; and continued in that state till I was awakened by my friend, who informed me that he had been to my chamber to invite me to take a morning walk, but, perceiving the aperture in the canvass, and suspecting some extraordinary discovery had detained me, he took his pistols, determined to follow and succour me if in danger. Like me he had wandered in the mixtures of light and shade, till he entered a large antique hall on the eastern side of the castle; in the middle of which stood the vestiges of an unfinished banquet, confirming the account which Vertola had delivered of the Count Alvarez interrupting the nuptial enter-

tainment given by Algonah.—We afterwards returned to our chambers, and I secured the aperture from being again opened.

“ In the afternoon, being somewhat recovered from my fright, I joined Marano and the ladies, who entertained us with their instrumental and vocal performances.—My friend was playing with the miniature which hung at his breast, when it attracted the eye of Amaranta. “ Good Senor !” she exclaimed, “ how came you by the picture of my mother?—Though neither my sister nor I ever knew the blessings of maternal affection, and the deaths of our mothers are hidden in mystery to us, yet we pay our respects to the canvas which bears their resemblance.—But, Senors, you shall go with us, and view the picture gallery, if Vertola will give us the keys : there can be no danger now my father is so far distant !”

“ When the old steward was called, he opposed entering the forbidden gallery, and Clementia expressed her fears of a discovery ; but Amaranta, Marano, and I, laughed them out of their apprehensions ; and, except Vertola, who again repeated to them their imprudence, we all went to the gallery. Amaranta had scarcely withdrawn the curtains, and exposed the pictures, when Vertola entered in the greatest perturbation, announcing that Don Algonah had returned, and bidding us descend the back stairs into the dining-room. Before, however, we could reach the door, Don Algonah had entered. The terror of Amaranta and Clementia was depicted in their countenances.—He frowned as we entered. “ Don Algonah,” said I, “ we are not here from any trivial motive :—the hospitality I have experienced has counteracted the assassin’s intention, who left me for dead near your castle ; and I should wish that a better acquaintance—” “ Who are you ?—and who is this fellow, your comrade ?” said Algonah, surveying us contemptuously.—Marano, advancing indignantly to him, replied, “ Don Algonah, it is for murderers and assassins who have comrades !—You shall know soon that *I know you !*” Don Algonah at these words drew his sword, and made a push at Marano, which was arrested by the arm of Amaranta, while I ran to separate the combatants.—“ Don Algonah,” said I, “ this is a scandalous outrage upon persons of our rank ; and it is equally reprehensible of you, Marano de Pinata, not to govern your resentment.—I, as the Marquis d’Antares, the son of your first wife’s sister ; and my friend, who is your nephew, the son of *your* sister Leonora, might have expected a better reception from their relation.”

“ Don Algonah shewed evident marks of chagrin at the knowledge of who were his guests ; but, endeavouring to conceal his vexation in a tone of complacency, he enquired the accident which had brought me to the castle. I recounted the particulars to him, not forgetting to lay a strong emphasis on the determination of the assassins to dispatch him !—He turned pale at this circumstance, and when I had done muttered an ungracious welcome ; and added, “ If you had slain them both, you would have made me eternally your friend !”

The intelligence I had conveyed to the Don naturally drew this remark from him, as he, till this moment, had no doubt but the bravos he had hired were slaves in Turkey.—A pause of half an hour ensued, during which time Lady Clementia had recovered from a fit into which she had fallen, and with her sister was ordered out of the room. “ As you seem so well recovered,” said the Don, “ and the troops are under marching orders from Tolosa, I suppose you will immediately join your corps ?” I understood the hint, and replied that my father’s death required my attendance at Madrid ; and, being his heir, I should remove from the army and the castle of Montillo very soon.

“ After some conversation between my friend and the Don, the object of which was too personal to be mistaken, the latter retired to give orders, and inspect the castle since his absence.—When he was gone, Marano burst into a transport of rage, which I endeavoured to soothe by intreating him to reflect on the power of Don Algonah, and how tenderly my heart was engaged to his daughter Clementia.—“ Enough,” said Marano ; “ I am also under the most sacred engagements.—But we have yet some important discoveries to be confirmed in.—The horrid chamber you mentioned—we must see if the terrific and diabolical business of that place be only the dream of your disturbed fancy or a reality.—At twelve to-night I will be with you.” At this instant old Vertola came in, and informed us that his master had discovered that we had been in the gallery, and had scolded the young ladies.—“ And, Senor,” added he, “ I much suspect there is some spy in the castle, by the strange voice which interrupted us last night.—Now if I should be found out—” “ Never fear the savage !” said Marano. “ Do you be a safeguard to the ladies ; and, if any harm be threatened to them or you, on sending word to my palace at Madrid, we will return, and bring a troop of cavalry that shall pull the old building about his ears.” Vertola then

departed, and left us pleased with thus having opened a means of communication with the ladies.

“ Determining to travel for Madrid the following day, Marano and I at night prepared our pistols, and trimmed a lamp to explore the recesses of the castle.---Marano took also a lighted taper, and his sword; thus armed we had no fear of the assassin Pedro, though supported by Don Algonah. Passing the niche concealed by the canvas picture, we reached the Gothic Hall.---We thought a footstep followed us, but on listening all was hushed.---We then descended the staircase, on which Marano had found me asleep, and passed on till we came to the hellish chamber. The key was gone, and the door was fast.---After trying in vain to force an entrance, we paused on the propriety of returning or proceeding.---At this juncture a light darted across the end of the passage, and discovered a narrow flight of stairs we had not noticed. Marano,” said I, “ our lights may betray us.—To be secure, I will ascend in the dark, while you remain at the foot of the stairs, ready to fly to my assistance.” He at length consented to this plan, and I reached the top of the stairs, when a stream of light shone full down the gallery, and a person looked out from a door to see if any one were near.—When he retired I advanced; and, standing close by the door, I heard Algonah and Pedro in close dialogue. It was planned between them to invite us to stay a few days longer, during which the assassination Pedro had intended for me was to be effected; and Marano, who the Don remarked had a claim from his ancestors upon the Montillo estate, was to be murdered also. “ This being determined, Pedro,” said Algonah, “ let us go.—Have you the key?—You know we must perform the necessary duty.” I immediately descended the stairs in search of my friend, that we might follow, and see if this “ necessary duty” had any thing to do with the horrible chamber.—The lamp and taper were burning on the pavement, but Marano was gone.—The great clock now tolled one, and I was pondering on the cause of my friend’s absence, when a luminous steady blaze darted from a door on the right hand, and marched along at about a foot above the pavement.—In a few moments it was followed by a tall figure, encircled in a long cloke, whose arms were crossed on the breast.---It moved forward in a musing posture till it came near me, and then unfolding the hood of the cloke, and stretching out its right arm, I beheld the dress of a soldier stained with blood.---This, I doubted not, was the murdered spirit of Count Alvarez,---

As he majestically passed me, he pointed to the door from which I had seen him enter.---Never but once had I seen this dreadful vision of restless immortality, and that was on the night when the phantom announced the death of my father.---When it had disappeared at the top of the staircase, I entered the door to which it had pointed, thinking that perhaps it warned me to pursue my friend Marano.---Arrived at a winding passage, I descended six steps through a narrow door, and found myself in a chapel.---All was silent as death, and my lamp, as it waved, projected tall and gaunt shadows on the walls: I called to Marano, but his voice replied not.---By the side of the crucifix at the altar I perceived an iron door in the floor; this I lifted up, and descended the steps to find him.---My lamp, from the damp atmosphere, expired, and I groped about to find my way back---but my terrors increased---piles of mouldering and quivering coffins so obstructed my progress; and, turning round to move to the opposite side, I stumbled and fell down.--I felt a human body lie beside me; and as I traced my fingers over its visage, it felt warm, and seemed to palpitate.---I immediately conceived it was Marano; and, impelled by the horrors of the moment, I drew him up the steps, and then raised the body upon my shoulders.--Regardless of darkness and every incident, I ran through the apartments, and deposited him safely in my chamber on the bed, where I administered to him all the medical assistance I was able. When he began to recover, I was fearful he was deranged, every exclamation consisting of the same repetitions, "O the dreadful vision!--save me, shield me from it!--hide me, my friend! my D'Antares!"

"While I sat beside my friend, the morning rapidly advanced, and he fell into a gentle slumber, during which I opened the door, and descended to the garden.—No one was yet stirring in the castle, and I was surprised to find Clementia sitting in a small room on the ground floor.—I blessed the opportunity which enabled me to have a few minutes conversation before finally leaving her.—I questioned her upon the reports circulated; and particularly upon the nature of the noise heard in the eastern side of the castle.—To these she replied in the unsuspecting language of credulity, that her mother's sudden death was, as old Vertola had said, owing to the inebriety of a boatman, who overset the boat in the Darro; and as to the noises in the castle, they proceeded from the knights in the tournament picture, who formerly inhabited it, and had a sister.—They had challenged and vanquished many knights in honour

of her, and at last fell in love with her themselves.---They then threw the glove to each other, and in a rencounter were mutually killed, as well as the lady, who in endeavouring to part them had received her death.—“ Indeed,” said I, “ this is a terrible tragedy ! but the story is altogether very improbable.—This side of the building has been deserted twenty years; yet your mother, Lady Juliana, lived here once without any interruption from these martial visitants; and even, if they did haunt that side of the castle, Don Algonah lived on peaceable terms with them till his wife *disappeared* or died; but since that event he cannot bear the persecution of the knights. Ah, Clementia, better reasons are to be assigned for his mysterious conduct.---But enough of this; and now let us talk of the means of correspondence, before we take a long adieu !” Clementia however rejected any clandestine communication whatever; and, after exchanging a mutual promise of affection, and losing myself in the admiration of her filial duty, I took my leave, and returned to my friend.---When he awoke he gave orders for our departure that day, and proposed to accompany me the first day’s journey on my way to Madrid, after which he should proceed to Tolosa.

“ At breakfast Don Algonah invited us to stay a fortnight with him; and seemed maliciously disappointed when he understood we intended to leave the castle in the afternoon.---He then asked the different destinations we meant to pursue, and added, “ as the mountains are infested with banditti, I suppose you go well armed, as well as your servants; but, spite of every precaution, Marquis, travellers have been murdered in traversing the mountains from here to Madrid.” “ True,” replied Marano, “ castles and mountains are equally the lurking places of the murderer, Don ——” “ Come, come,” said I, “ you are relapsing, Marano, into a wild fit, which may prevent the ladies from obtaining leave to bid us farewell; and prevent Don Algonah from visiting me at my palace at Madrid, where I should be happy to return the hospitality I have received.” Don Algonah, however, would not suffer the ladies to take leave of us, and we quitted him abruptly in the afternoon, not without some suspicion, that he meant to way-lay us on the road by the means of Pedro, from the sarcastic wishes he expressed for our safety.

“ As we passed on to the spot where the spirit of Count Alvarez had conducted me, Marano related the supernatural incidents of the preceding night.—He had followed the spectre as I suspected; “ and nothing,” continued Marano, “ could

have induced me to have descended into the mansions of the dead, but the solemn promise I had made the wounded soldier.—Turning my eyes to the left, a light sprung out from the earth, and a female ascended from an opening grave.—Her face and dress resembled a fury!—She uttered a dreadful scream at the sight of me, and sunk down again, leaving me in total darkness.—The shock laid me prostrate on the floor, in which state you found me.”

“ When we came to the spot where the assassin Perez had been killed and buried, we found the earth had been dug up, and the body removed: this confirmed the suspicion I had entertained of Pedro, when in the castle, who had thereby destroyed the proofs which the corpse might have furnished.

“ Finding our mules and guides ready, we ascended the mountains, and soon lost sight of the turrets of Montillo.—After passing the night in some scattered huts, the next morning Marano and I separated.—Our parting was truly melancholy, and I fancy I saw him for the last time.—At noon I enjoyed a repast amidst the rocky and barren scenery; and proceeded amidst a terrible storm of rain to the next house on the road, which we reached at dark.—Wretched as the accommodations were, I slept soundly from fatigue, and on the following night we arrived at Calatrava; where I discharged the muleteers, and hired a carriage for Toledo, determined to depart early the second morning.—Strolling round the city in the evening, I entered during vespers the great Gothic church; a stranger soon after came in, whose features were hidden by the folds round his head, and he seemed absorbed in devotion.—From time to time he wiped a tear from his eyes, and I felt interested in his sufferings.—Observing him move to a more gloomy part of the church, I followed.—He was still enveloped in the most profound contemplation “ Senor,” said I, “ I ever feel for the afflicted.—I perceive traces of grief which I would willingly, if possible, remove.—I myself am not exempt from unpleasant accidents !” “ I know this,” said the stranger, solemnly; “ but to what do you refer, Marquis?” “ How !” cried I, amazed, “ do you know me ?”—“ I do,” replied he, and he lifted his fore finger to his mouth to indicate silence. “ I know you, Marquis d’Antares !—I know your secrets ! and am no stranger in Don Algonah’s castle !” Horror crept over me as he uttered a hollow groan—“ Tell me,” said I, “ do you know the terrible secrets of the infernal chamber ?—Speak !” Three times I essayed to detail what I had seen there, and as many times did a drop of blood fall from my nose

on my hand, and closed my lips with horror. "I know every secret of that place," replied the figure.—"But who I am is for ever hidden from you.—That knowledge would be death to you!—Remember my injunctions: Depart in a chaise waiting at your inn:—hire it, and begone in an hour!—Don Algonah's agent will be here at midnight!"

"The figure then moved from me, and I immediately repaired to the inn, where I found the warning verified.—A chaise stood in the yard, and the postillion said he was going to Toledo in an hour; and that the gentleman he had brought from there said he was to carry another person back: but he could find nobody disengaged. "Pray," said I, "how was he dressed?"—In a long cloke, and muffled up," he replied. "I am the person he meant," said I: "so prepare: we will travel all night."

"My servant Rondo stared when I ordered our arms to be gotten ready, and told him that perhaps we should be attacked on the road.---"Never mind," said Rondo, as he mounted his horse, "a good heart and a good cause is ten to one in our favour, though the robbers be three to one against us." We then began our journey, and drove on furiously for three hours. Some time after this, while I was lost in a profound reverie, Rondo rode up, and informed me that two men on horseback were advancing.—In a few minutes they came up with us; and, suspiciously looking into the carriage, they rode on.—"Perhaps," said I, "they mean to wait for us, Rondo, in a narrow defile we have soon to pass." "Very like, master," replied my brave servant; "and I think if we halt a bit it will not be amiss; for I observed some signs pass between the driver and these ill-looking fellows—I'll just take a peep at my pistols, to see if they be all ready!---*Ah, Santo Spirito!* here is a fine business!---the priming is out of both, and I cannot find the powder flask!" "Impossible!" cried I: "you say you loaded all the pistols before setting out--let me examine mine!"---On doing this, I found they had nothing in them but ashes, without any ball. "Rondo," whispered I, "we are betrayed!—and here is the villain who is in the plot."—As I said this, I seized the postillion by the throat, and pointed my sabre to his teeth. "Scoundrel," cried I, "confess instantly; or I will strew your flesh on the highway, and tear you piecemeal." "Spare my life! spare me but, Senor, and I will tell all," he replied, as he fell at my feet. He then confessed, that a gentleman and his servant came to his lodging at Calatrava, and hired him to go to Toledo.—That they said

they had an order to arrest a gentleman on the road in returning, who would go back in his carriage, previously to which, they bribed him to unload the pistols while Rondo was gone to look after his horse.—This, they said, would prevent bloodshed and danger. When they rode by us on the road, if all remained right he was to cry *halloo!* and smack his whip.—But, if the treachery had been discovered, he was to cry, *Who goes there!*—After this they were to meet us in the defile, where our servant could not assist, and secure their prisoner. From the man's description of their persons I had no doubt they were Don Algonah and Pedro, and when I remembered the adventure in the church, I conjectured that the mysterious stranger was Pedro, who had thus seduced me to promote his diabolical scheme.—The three drops of blood I interpreted differently to what I had done, no longer considering them as injunctions of silence, but warnings of my approaching death!—"Now, villain," cried I, still grasping him tight by the throat, "I grant you life on following my orders; we will exchange dresses, and, clad in my scarlet mantle, you shall occupy my place in the chaise, and, if you betray us a second time, my vengeance shall follow."—This being done, I mounted the postillion's mules, and placed Rondo behind me, ready to charge with our swords on the first assault.

"As we travelled on to the defile, the situation of Marano oppressed my mind.—Fears for his safety crowded rapidly on me, and I thought I saw him actually fallen beneath the sabres of Algonah and Pedro, whom he must have met on the road.—These considerations, however, gave way, as we reached the middle of the narrow pass, overhung by bushes and shady trees.—In a moment a pistol was fired at the carriage, and another at the supposed muleteer, possibly for not answering their signal; it shot one of the mules, which became ungovernable:—Two carbines were next discharged into the chaise, and a loud groan from the postillion led them to conclude they had dispatched me.—Rondo and I now climbed up the bank, sword in hand, and entered the hanging thicket.—We made lunges at every step, but our pursuit was unavailing:—The darkness of the night had favoured their escape, and, when we descended to the road, the chaise had gone away, not improbably from the wounded mule communicating its fright to its companion. This was an unpleasant event, as it contained my baggage and letters; and the only chance that remained of overtaking it was for Rondo and I to mount his horse, and proceed without delay.—Towards the dawn of day we arrived at a little farm-house by the road side. The owner of the cottage came up to us,

and asked if we were the persons who had been robbed on the road. I demanded the motive of his asking that question.—“Why,” said the peasant, “about two hours since, just as I had risen, I was coming out at the door with my lantern, to see what was the matter, when two men, muffled up and disguised so that I could not know them, ordered me to put it out, and follow them, or I was a dead man.—A chaise stood at the road side, and there was somebody laid along in it. Here said one of them, take these trunks and parcels, and give them to the next travellers who will own them.”—The bundles were stained with blood, and I heard them mutter something about a dead body.—When I returned for the last parcel, I found it on the ground, but the chaise and men were gone.”—“These,” said I, “my honest fellow, were not robbers, but assassins!—The disguise I have assumed has saved me; the parcels bear the name of the Marquis d’Antares, and this is my faithful servant Rondo.”—I then pulled off the postillion’s garb, and we entered the hospitable cottage, where I enjoyed a homely but secure meal; mingled with gratitude to the divine Protector, who had so visibly interposed to counteract the designs of such a well planned scheme of extermination.—After a few hours rest I dispatched Rondo to Toledo to procure a chaise, who quickly returned with one, and at night we continued our route to my paternal home, which I at length reached after two years absence. My mother received me with a transport of joy, and at her entreaty I relinquished my command in the army, and became again a civil member of society. Immediately after the arrangement of my affairs, I employed a nobleman, whom the Don Algonah respected, to make the most liberal and princely proposal for an union with his daughter Clementia. I knew that he hated me, and that I only wanted proof a little more positive to strip him of all his possessions; the answer was therefore only such as I expected—“that he would sooner hang his daughter on a tree than consent to her marriage with me.”

“After a lapse of a twelve month since my arrival at Madrid, I received a letter from my friend Marano. It satisfied me that he was personally safe, and informed me that he had changed his regiment, and was under orders, of embarkation for Ceuta, in Barbary;—and all the information I have since been able to learn is that he was made prisoner in a sally by the Moors.

“But to return to Olivaro, and what more immediately interests myself.—You know I am the slave of superstitious opinion; and the following strange and inexplicable event served only to

root it the more deeply.—Lying one day on a bank of flowers shaded by an orange grove, the beautiful Tagus murmuring as at my feet, I heard a clear and sonorous voice distinctly pronounce my name three times. I turned round, to ask who called.—I saw no one; but heard a second summons. “Listen!” it now repeated thrice in a soft voice.—I arose, and instantly sunk appalled on the ground, on hearing the words which followed; “Listen, thou Marquis d’Antares! thy death is ordained!”—No awful phantom approached to notify whence the prophecy proceeded;—I searched, but neither saw nor heard any thing more.—The prediction fastened on my very soul, and impelled me to visit my favourite bank the following day.—The same dreadful and visionary mandate was repeated on this and the third day, after which I heard it no more.—The exterminating threat followed me every where.—Undefined as it was as to any precise period, it nevertheless drove me from public amusements to a more close attendance on the duties of religion.—One Sunday evening I had been at vespers when a funeral dirge was chanted.—I returned home, and went to sleep under the serious reflections of my own mortality.—At midnight a loud sigh, twice repeated, awakened me, and I started up, but perceived no object in the room.—Again the same voice I heard in the garden at Aranjuez alarmed me.—“Listen, thou Marquis d’Antares, thy death is ordained!”—I sunk back on the bed with terror, and on opening my eyes beheld on the opposite wall, in a scroll of illuminated death’s heads, the same words in legible characters of fire.—My senses now faded away before the phenomenon, and I lay without moving till the morning bell announced breakfast.—On the same day I set about arranging all my temporal concerns, and wrote a long letter of love and separation to my beloved Clementia, to be delivered by Rondo after my death.—Indeed, I sometimes thought from the silence of Vertola she was dead; and dwelt with delight on her having entered the immortal region to which I was hastening.—Hence I visited no part of my palace but the chapel, and my friends, ignorant of my secret, concluded I was sinking fast into insanity.—About a month after this, I took to my bed; a violent fever burnt me by day, and fearful dreams harrowed me up by night.—My mother and Rondo hung over the last appearance of animation with the most profound sorrow, and only waited for the parting breath to convey the emaciated skeleton to the silent tomb of its ancestors.—I lay myself in expectation of the awful change one night, and had raised my eyes, to take a last farewell of them,

thinking they were beside me, when, by the dim light of a fleeting taper, I beheld a person clothed in white, of a singular fashion, sitting in a chair at the foot of the bed.—I saw distinctly the venerable features of my deceased father.—As I regarded the beloved object with delight and reverence, for fear had now lost all power over me, he stood up, and in a solemn and majestic manner stretched out his hand affectionately towards me.—A smile overspread his features, and he uttered these words in a hollow soft voice: “*My son, thy death will not yet be!*”—We shall not meet in heaven for a season!” Then pointing to a table on which stood some fine fruit, which I had hitherto from weakness been unable to taste, he again smiled, and, with a look of the religious resignation, slowly glided across the chamber and disappeared.—On the exit of this paternal and ghostly physician, I called to Rondo to hand me the fruit pointed at. The pomegranate alleviated my burning thirst, and the assurance, that my days were no longer numbered, calmed the agitation of my soul.—My cure was rapidly effected, and my friends considered my recovery as a resurrection from the dead.—Wordly motives, with the return of health, resumed their force, and I recollected that I had neglected to fulfil a particular injunction of my father’s will, which was to repair his favorite summer mansion-house on the banks of the Tagus. I had dispatched Rondo, with orders to see one of the wings thoroughly repaired, when the melancholy event of my mother’s sudden death took place in my family.—In a few days after her interment I received the following letter from my old house-keeper in the country.

“Most honoured Senor: A sad terrible accident has happened here; Rondo came down, and began to repair the west wing of the old mansion: but, your Excellenza, there is an end of the wing and him together. A terrible hurricane rose last night, blew down that side of the building, killed two men, almost frightened me to death, and has buried poor Rondo in the ruins—So now we wait for your Excellenza’s farther orders.”

“You may naturally suppose, my dear Rondolos, I was more afflicted at the loss of my faithful Rondo than the fallen wing of the old mansion.—“Surely,” said I, “Don Algonah has dealings with the devil, and he sets him to haunt me!”—Idle as this speech was, it led to a train of thoughts, which gave some colour to the remark, as my recollection surveyed the horrors of the hellish chamber in Montillo castle.

“The next morning I went to look after Rondo, and survey the ruin.—No trace of him could be found, and I almost be-

lieved the report of the servant, that Lucifer had whisked him away in a whirlwind.—Here I remained three weeks, during which I learned your return from Portugal. I had heard so much in your favour, added to the event of last night, and the similarity you bear to my lost Marano, that I have determined to make you my friend.

“ You now see, Olivaro, that my introduction to Don Algonah could have been of no service to you, and with our joint council and courage, we will endeavour to counteract the designs of the old tyrant.”—“ I am your’s,” exclaimed Rondolos: “ to rescue Amaranta and Clementia, I am ready to hazard my person and fortune.”—They discoursed together till the broad light of morning appeared, when they separated, and agreed to meet again in the evening. D’Antares then retired to his garden, pleased with the passion Olivaro had conceived for Amaranta, as it would form a double link of friendship between them, and contemplating the means of procuring an interview with that lady, through Count de Bellara’s acquaintance with the Don.

In the midst of his reverie, he started at the sight of Rondo, who presented himself, covered with dust, as if he had just terminated a long journey. “ Ha! my brave fellow!” cried the Marquis d’Antares “ where have you hidden yourself, whence come you, and what have you been about?” “ About a foolish business, as it has turned out,” said Rondo; “ but it was all for your good, noble Sir, though it has turned out good for nothing.—You remember you gave me orders to fit up the old mansion.—Now, thought I, to make the job complete I must look out for a lady to it, and who is so fit as my master’s own choice, Lady Clementia.—Then there will be an end of his pining and illness.—Old Vertola never sending any news, I set off privately in search of some, and so reached the hamlet about a league from Montillo castle.—I took up my lodging at an honest cottager’s, one of whose daughters carried curds and cream to the castle:—“ Look ye,” friend, said I, “ I want a billet conveyed to the ladies in the castle, and if I could make your daughter the bearer——”, “ It is an ugly business,” said the cottager.—“ Never mind that,” said I, “ here is something will make it look handsomer.” At the same time I put a double doubloon into his hand.—“ Pray,” continued I, “ is Don Algonah married again?” “ No,” replied he: “ but not from his own disinclination. His visits to Grenada have now come out: he courted a young wife, and had actually led her to the holy altar, when the nuptials were broken off in confusion

by the arrival of a stranger. No one knows who he was, but as soon as he had delivered his message he remounted his horse, and rode away. Some say it was the same ghost which frightened away the guests on his marriage with Lady Cleona."

"Finding this was all I could learn, I dispatched my pretty postman with my billet, announcing my business and appointing a place of interview in the evergreen temple at twelve.—Accordingly I climbed the garden wall, and repaired to the appointed spot; but the midnight bell struck, and then the half-hour chimes rang, without any one approaching.—Presently I heard a light footstep and a whispering voice, calling out Rondo! Rondo!—"Here am I," said I, starting up. "How does your master and Marano?" said Lady Amaranta: "My sister has mislaid the letter, and is so much flurried she cannot come—I run a thousand hazards, and must return in a moment." "Lord," said I, "Lady, I have formed a plan to effect your escape by a boat on the Darro; for, surely, you would rather live with such gentlemen in Madrid, than be with the dismal Don in this castle." "Indeed," replied Amaranta, "If I could persuade my sister, I would willingly go, I am so tired of this dreary frightful place!" "Say you so!" cried Don Algonah, as he advanced from behind; "then, by the deeps of hell, you shall soon quit it!" He immediately drew his sword, but I escaped in the confusion, as he fell over the body of Amaranta, who had fainted.

"I returned to the cottager, who was alarmed at this termination of the business, fearful that he and his daughter might be brought under the Don's displeasure. On the following day he met the fisherman who supplied the castle with fish; and from him he learned that the report there was, that Donna Amaranta was ill, and that the Don had given orders for a journey to Madrid, to place her in a convent, with the Lady Abbess of which he was intimately acquainted.

"Thinking this was only a feint to conceal the real place of her imprisonment, I waited till he set out, and hung upon his rear till he arrived in Madrid—So now, your Excellenza, if I have done wrong, I hope it will be the last time!" D'Antares, readily forgave him, and in the evening visited his friend Olivaro.—They repaired to the Prada, where they saw the Count de Bellara, walking with Algonah. "Now," said the Marquis d'Antares; "*for ruse contre ruse*.—While you throw yourself in their way, and detain them in conversation, I will fly to the Count's and effect an interview with Amaranta,—

Olivaro approved of the scheme, and, wishing the Marquis success, he accosted the Count, and politely noticed the Don.

In the course of a conversation on the ladies present at the Duke d'Axala's entertainment of the preceding evening, the subject of marriage was introduced. "And now we are on the topic," said the Count to Algohah, "let me introduce the Marquis Rondolos as an eligible son-in-law for your daughter Amaranta!" In vain did the Count urge the propriety and eligibility of such a match.—The Don put his haughty negative upon the proposal, and declared that he had doomed her to a more *holy life* in a convent. During what passed on the Prada, the Marquis d'Antares hastened to the palace of the Count de Bellara, where he found Lady Mara, the Count's sister, and Amaranta.—He requested a moment's audience of Lady Amaranta in private, which Lady Mara very willingly complied with; and added, as she went out, "I have been regretting the want of some spirited and amiable nobleman to make this fair creature his wife, who, unless this happen, is likely to be confined to a cloister for the whim of a tyrannical father!" "When Lady Mara had retired," said the Marquis, "I eagerly enquired of Lady Amaranta, what followed Rondolo's visit to the Castle, and if Clementia had forgotten me!" "No," replied Amaranta, "you are ever in her memory—But where is your friend Marano?" "I know not," replied the Marquis, "I have not heard from him for a long time:—but I have another friend, to whose merits I would wish you to do justice.—Marano, my dear cousin, was not exactly what you could have wished him to be!" "I understand who is *your* friend," said Amaranta; "I own my gratitude to him—nay something more,—for rescuing me from the flames.—I confess I could have wished for such a brother to share our confinement in the castle.—But now, Marquis, that is over,—and I am condemned to a place more dreary than the castle of Montillo—to the routine of a convent; and that, of all convents, the Dominican nuns! My father's rage daily increases, and my sister's life is even in danger when I am away!" "I swear by every thing sacred," said the Marquis, "I will protect her.—And," he added, as he took Amaranta's hand, "let my friend Olivaro Rondolos also protect you—his life is at your service." "Ah," said Amaranta, "but Marano"—"Cannot be your's," replied the Marquis; "he was always indifferent to you—but Olivaro's love is better than taking the veil."

Our farther conversation was interrupted by the return of Lady Mara, who announced that she expected her brother

every moment, the clock having struck nine.—The Marquis immediately retired, and in a few minutes the Count and Algonah entered. “We have met with a lover for you, Amaranta,” said the Count, “in our walks; he has made proposals to your father not a quarter of an hour ago.” “What signify his proposals!” said Lady Mara; “when we have had a more successful lover, who has but just departed.” “Indeed,” said Amaranta, “he is no lover of mine.” “Not the Marquis d’Antares your lover!” exclaimed Lady Mara. “The Marquis d’Antares!” vociferated Don Algonah; “Amaranta, were you not aware of my utter detestation of him?—Hell and furies, is he always to thwart me unrevenged?—Amaranta, for this you shall prepare for the convent this very night!” He then stalked about the room till his rage was exhausted, and the evening terminated in his usual gloominess, and the determination that Amaranta should begin her noviciate on the following day.

Olivaro met D’Antares the same evening, and learned what had passed, after which some future plans were discussed; and a serenade, given by the former, under the apartment of Amaranta, in the palace of Count de Bellara, concluded the night.—The lady however did not appear, and an elegant present of fruit, which Olivaro sent to Algonah the following morning, remained equally unnoticed.

Early in the morning the Don conducted his daughter to the convent of the Dominican Nuns, where the severe Abbess faithfully promised she should be invisible to the eye of every inquirer except himself.

The Abbess herself had been driven from her lover to a convent when young, and now vindictively retaliated upon the unfortunate sisters the severity she had experienced. Under such a superior Amaranta could expect no indulgence; the gloom of the castle was more supportable than the religious routine of the convent. Amaranta sighed for a companion with whom she could share the pleasures of friendship.—She had placed her affections on her cousin Marano, not from any comparative preference, but from his having been the only one with whom she had been in any way familiar; and his coolness and indifference had increased that preference.

Among the sisterhood Amaranta could distinguish no friend, but amongst the boarders was a young lady named Selina, whose lively manners and innocent conversation afforded her amusement and pleasure.—They read together, and rambled through the dreary gardens; but every effort to shake off the monastic load was unavailing.—Amaranta could account for the silence

of Marano more readily than that of the Marquis Rondolos, who pretended to be so deeply enamoured.—Ignorant that he used every ingenuity to convey a few lines to her, which were always interrupted by the sagacity of the Abbess, Amaranta's prospects of liberation began to be dimmed by the gloom that enveloped them.

This hopeless dejection was farther heightened by the decline and death of her young friend Selina, whose fine form sunk under the altered mode of life to which she had been accustomed.—When this event took place, Amaranta was inconsolable; she threw herself on the corpse of the departed saint, and could be scarcely torn from it, till the efforts of Emelina withdrew her from her friend, and, by her sharing her grief, reconciled her sooner to the melancholy loss. This young lady had been received as a boarder but a few days before Selina's death: her consolatory visits to Amaranta in her cell, and her interesting manner cemented a friendship between them, and induced the latter to bless the goodness of Providence which had replaced the friendship she had lost by another.—A solemn requiem was performed by torch-light to the remains of Selina, after which she was consigned to the burial vault of the convent.

Amaranta had bidden her friend good night, and was sitting in her cell, with her lamp and crucifix before her, ruminating on the awful ceremony of death, when she thought she heard soft and solemen music stealing upon her ear.—In a little time the sound melted into words, and she heard herself distinctly called.—She started up, and opened the door, but no one appeared; the lamp in the mean while expired, and amid the darkness a gradual light shone into the chamber, increasing its brightness to a smiling and lovely angel became visible, clad in robes of azure and white, and crowned with a beaming radiance.—It was Selina's spirit, on which Amaranta looked with astonishment and delight.—The figure spoke smilingly: "My friend, you will shortly be with me! In nine days you will go hence!" The spirit then retired with a look of delight, and the lamp recovered its extinguished brightness.

The more Amaranta mused upon the words of the vision, the less able was she to determine their support if they bore a general or a literal signification.—The conversation of Emelina was formed to relieve the mind from sadness. "Would you believe (said Emelina to Amaranta, on the third evening after the funeral of Selina,) that a convent is my aversion? Much less do you think that Olivaro Rondolos is my cousin. I know also the

Marquis d'Antares, and the adventure which introduced him to your acquaintance." Amaranta eagerly enquired if she knew the Marquis's friend the Count Marano de Pinato.---Emelina sighed deeply, and said, "Yes, my friend, I do.---I think I may trust you with a secret. The object of your choice is the same: but he is perhaps for ever lost." "What! is Marano dead!" exclaimed Amaranta.---"If such be his fate, I am ready to take the vows with you."---"Indeed," replied Emelina, "this would not augment your happiness. The Marquis Rondolos doats on you.---Your love for Marano is but of a weak growth, cherished mostly by solitude, while the affection of myself for Marano has been considerable from infancy.---To an impartial eye, Rondolos is the preferable lover of the two. When his generous offers are contrasted with the unnatural and tyrannical conduct of your father, you must be either more or less than a woman to reject him."---Discourses like these had their effect on the mind of Amaranta, which naturally loved gaiety. On the following day Emelina was called to the grate, and in half an hour returned with a letter for Amaranta from Olivaro. The letter breathed the most ardent affection, and pressed for a favourable reply. The natural operation of the love of life, and the little prospect of any return of affection from Marano, added to the arguments of Emelina, induced Amaranta to return a kind of negative approbation of his suit.

Olivaro, on the evening following the serenade, paid a visit to the Count de Bellara, in the hope of being admitted into the company of Amaranta, and changing the determination of Don Algonah, who petrified him with the intelligence that he had that morning immured her in the convent.---From this unfavourable interview Olivaro flew to his friend D'Antares, to unbosom his grief. "You come very opportunely," said the Marquis, "to relieve me from the tortures of reflection. This morning early I awoke, and went into my garden to enjoy its cooling shade.---In a few minutes I heard a rustling among the laurels, and beheld a tall person, shrouded in a black cloke, advance; his figure was the same with that I had accosted in the church at Calatrava.---After gazing upon me for a moment with the malice of a fiend, he drew from his cloak a letter sealed with black, and which bore my father's signet.---While I looked at the well-known hand-writing of my parent, the strange messenger had departed. The letter contained an injunction for me instantly to repair to the mansion on the banks of the Tagus, and not to undertake the journey I had pro-

jected without his permission:—After a pause of some minutes, I was certain that the disguised could be no other than Pedro, by whom I suspected I had been deceived in the church; but how Algonah, or his agent, could know my intention of visiting the castle of Montillo, I cannot imagine.—However, I am resolved to comply with the order of the letter, and I will go well armed, that I may know whether I have to do with body or spirit.”

Before the friends separated, D'Antares advised Olivaro to bribe one of the monks attending the convent; and the latter on the following day attended the grate: but all his intreaty and remonstrances were insufficient to soften the obdurate abbess; nor was his promise of preferment more successful with the monk to whom he applied. At last, finding that his own efforts were his best friends, he determined to examine the situation of the building, and see if he could scale the frowning walls.—One part of the garden adjoined to several low houses, situated in an obscure and narrow street.—Upwards of two months had passed away, without having effected an entrance into the garden of the convent, when, one day, as he was setting pensively in his study, thinking of Amaranta, his cousin Emelina ran into the room.—She rallied him at first by asking him if his wild appearance did not arise from his being in love, and concluded by asking him if she were acquainted with the object of his choice.—“I believe not,” said Olivaro; “and, to my grief, I fear you never will, for she is immured in a convent, where every attempt to get a sight of her is vain, and hitherto all my stratagems have proved unsuccessful.”—Olivaro then related the history of his affection for Amaranta, and Emelina kindly promised to exert her ingenuity in relieving his distress.—“My dear cousin,” said she, “knowing what I have felt for the sake of Marano, I will assist you by entering as a boarder into the Dominican convent. The faded hopes of my younger years renders the monastic life somewhat congenial to my disposition; thus, you may arrange a plan of communication, and escape without suspicion.”—Olivaro embraced his cousin, who entered into the convent, and gained the affection of Amaranta, as has been before related.

By this channel the lovers for awhile corresponded; till Olivaro requested Amaranta to meet him at the bottom of the garden on the second day from the date of his last letter. This was absolutely necessary if Amaranta intended to quit the convent, and she reluctantly consented. The fearful prediction of Selina alarmed her mind, as she numbered the days from the

appearance of the vision to that of her elopement, which she found to be the *ninth*. Olivaro had resolved in his own mind, that their meeting should be decisive, if he could prevail on Amaranta to seize the opportunity; for which purpose he had provided a chaise and every necessary for immediately quitting Madrid. As Olivaro was returning to his palace on the afternoon before the eventful night, he was suddenly accosted by the Marquis d'Antares, covered with dust, and his countenance marked with the passions of grief and horror.—He hurried Olivaro to his palace without saying a word, and the moment he had entered his library, and locked the door—"Marquis," said he, "you see before you one of the most unhappy and miserable of men!—O my friend, I have steeped my hands in the blood of Clementia, and perhaps at this instant she breathes her last, look at this crimsoned sword, stained with the blood of that innocent angel!—O heaven! pour out thy pity upon me!"—The Marquis here dropped his sword in an agony of grief, while Olivaro eagerly demanded how the fatal misfortune had happened. "I have ridden post for a surgeon," replied d'Antares, "and have no time to tell you; but before I leave you, my friend, let me caution you, to beware of Don Algonah and his spies. He arrived at the Count de Bellara's last night, where I have just been. Your visits around the convent are talked of every where: pray beware." The surgeon now arriving, the friends separated to hasten to their different destinations.

The Marquis d'Antares, in obedience to the contents of the letter, bearing his father's signet and hand-writing, quitted Madrid, and repaired to the country seat. To prevent any attack from the assassin Pedro, whom he strongly suspected as the agent of the business, he had the lower apartments of the house secured, and determined never to go abroad unarmed, or unattended by Rondo.—The first week passed without interruption, but on the second, his mind was disturbed by finding the flowers and fruit which beautifully adorned his garden all withered up and blasted. No visible cause appeared for this singular phenomenon, and the servants considered it as an omen of their master's premature death. Another month passed quietly, during which the Count fortified his mind for the issue of every event, and consulted the best books on magic, to see how far the acts of infernal spirits were allowed to operate on men.—He was sitting one day at noon in his library, occupied by these topics, when the door slowly opened, and the figure of a man wrapped in a long Spanish cloke advanced. He had

never beheld this being without remembering the likeness he bore to the phantom he had seen in a dream he had had in the castle of Montillo, in which he seemed separated from Clementia for ever, and hurled from the sky. He had always believed he was the assassin Pedro, and such he thought was the murderous countenance of the being before him. The figure then pointed to the open door, and upon the Marquis declining to quit the room, he drew a dagger, and with a rapid stride advanced it within a foot of the Marquis's throat, at the same time making a signal that he would be obeyed.

The Marquis, who was now completely in the power of his guest, and was no longer unwilling to shrink from whatever fate he had to encounter, followed him within the reach of his extended arm, bearing the threatening dagger. In this situation they proceeded along the back stairs, till they descended to a room on the ground floor, formerly the study of the old Marquis. In the centre of the floor D'Antares perceived a trap door open, down which a deep pair of stairs led into a dungeon hitherto unknown to him. The dreadful darkness of this dismal place struck him with horror.—A distant torch threw a feint gleam, and the step felt as if he were treading on ground newly turned up.—Being arrived within a few paces of the light, which was stuck in the ground, the figure pointed his dagger to a grave about two feet deep, beside which stood a spade.—He then spoke: "Behold," said he, in a voice of demoniacal triumph, "thou Marquis d'Antares, thou art now in the bowels of the earth, and when thou hast dug thy grave, thou shalt die!"—Upon this, the stranger unfolded his head clothes, and he beheld the sanguinary features, of Pedro, the same countenance which had looked through the aperture of the canvas, with the lamp and dagger, in the chamber of Montillo castle. Before the Marquis had recovered his surprize, Pedro made a motion to strike, which opened the folds of his cloke, and discovered a corselet of steel. The villain read his power in the looks of d'Antares, and exclaimed, "I am no ghost, but thy enemy, Pedro! It was I who met thee in the church of Calatrava: it was I who delivered thee a forged letter to conduct you to this snare; nor shall all the fiends of hell save thee from this arm!—Look at thy grave! thinkest thou it is deep enough!"—"It is as deep," replied the Marquis, "thou accursed assassin, as that in which you placed the body of Count Alvarez!" "Wretch," cried Pedro, "take the spade and dig, or this dagger shall be buried in thy carcase! The Marquis began to dig, while Pedro stood over him with the dagger.—In this situ-

ation a moment of reflection supplied the Marquis with a means of defence; filling the spade full of mould, he discharged the contents in the face of Pedro; it confounded the assassin for a few moments, during which d'Antares gave him a blow with the sharp edge of the spade, and, before he could recover it, applied the torch to his black garment, which suddenly was in a flame. The torch then lay on the ground, emitting volumes of smoke, while Pedro suddenly rushed at the Marquis with his dagger, who parried the blows with his spade, and watching till a flash of the torch instructed him where to strike, he darted such a forcible blow on the head of the murderer, that he staggered, and fell into the grave.

He was repeating his advantage, and about to give him the *coup de grace*, when a light motion behind him arrested his lifted arm.—On looking up he beheld a female figure move across the subterranean vault, clad in Moorish robes, with a long black veil. A flame played round her head; in her right hand she held a spear, and in her left a human skull. Her *tout ensemble* gave her the appearance of a fiend from the regions of infernal vengeance. The Marquis, convinced this was an incantation of some horrid enchantress, determined to see if her power were real, and therefore cautiously followed her through the turning vaults till they arrived at a spacious cavern; seemingly the excavation of some hill. The enchantress, having placed herself in the centre, stood with her bare foot upon the skull, and waved her spear, which was tipped with fire. From the circle arose a blue flame, which plainly exhibited her demoniacal countenance, as with her left hand she threw back her veil. “Sacred powers!” exclaimed the Marquis to himself, “it is the same figure I beheld in the detestable chamber of the castle of Montillo!” The enchantress then drew from her breast a little book, written in human blood, upon the skin of a murderer, and proceeded to read her incantation.—Flames and clouds continued to rise, while lived and forked animals shot across the cavern, till the Marquis began to fear suffocation, and in his agony pronounced a fervent prayer to heaven for his protection.

“He comes!” suddenly exclaimed the enchantress, with a scream of terror, and immediately tremendous thunder and vivid lightnings announced the entrance of a figure of gigantic stature. Fire encircled his waist, and he leaned on a rod of flaming steel. The Marquis, appalled at his tremendous form, endeavoured to avoid the sight, but he was riveted to the spot, and the next moment sunk senseless on the ground. When he recovered

his senses, he found himself in total darkness, and all was quiet. He doubted at first if it were not altogether a dream, but the situation in which he found himself convinced him of the truth.—For more than an hour he groped about to disentangle himself from this dark abode, and at length perceived, as he drew near to the grave, a female form bending over that of Pedro, whom he doubted not was the enchantress, endeavouring to recal the assassin Pedro to life. As he endeavoured to pass in the gloom, the sorceress exclaimed, “Thou shalt not escape me yet! Though thou hast broken one spell, I now arrest thee in the name of Belzebub, chief of the infernals!” Immediately after the Marquis felt his feet grow to the earth, and his eyes lose their perception.—But the use of his tongue remained.—In his terror, he exclaimed, “Wretched enchantress, in the name of the Almighty, that name at which thou tremblest, I charge thee to restore me!”—He then crossed himself, and instantly the incantation ceased. The stairs became visible to him, and he ascended to his father’s library, where he retired immediately to bed, overcome with fatigue and affright.—His sleep however was broken and interrupted, and he saw no termination to his misery while Pedro and this enchantress had the power to torment him.

Near a fortnight elapsed before the Marquis was sufficiently recovered to leave his room; after which in a few days he proposed to go to Madrid, to inform his friend Olivaro of these strange events, and assist him in the liberation of Amaranta.—Meantime he ordered Rondo to suffer no one to enter the mansion without giving him previous notice.

On the second afternoon after his convalescence, the elements began to be agitated; the thunder and lightning shook the building, and he sat contemplating the ærial fury till night. He wondered Rondo had not called him to supper, as the clock had struck eleven; he therefore took a taper, and advanced to the supper-room.—As he opened the door, a female sprung to meet him, disguised, and her dress in confusion. The taper fell from his hand, and the idea of the enchantress rushing on his mind, while her manner indicated that her purpose was assassination, the Marquis drew his sword, and, thrusting the point forward, the stranger ran upon it, and, ejaculating his name, fell upon the floor. Rondo and Vertola, rushing in, uttered cries of despair, and ran to raise the fallen Clementia. The horror of the Marquis almost surpassed description; he sunk down beside her, ex-

claiming, "I have murdered my Clementia; and the guilty shall perish with the innocent!" Rondo immediately run to the housekeeper, whose medical knowledge soon applied some restorative; and the wounded Clementia at length opened her eyes, and the gleams of hope dawned upon the soul of the Marquis.

Having seen her carefully disposed of and tenderly attended, he flew to Madrid for chirurgical aid; where, while seeking the surgeon, chance threw him in the way of the Count de Bellara, who related to him the arrival of Don Algonah, and the means he had employed to trace the designs of himself and Olivaro. D'Antares readily imputed the presence of Algonah at De Bellara's to the absence of his daughter with Vertola; but the farther particulars he had then no time to enquire.

When the Marquis returned home with the surgeon, they found Clementia free from fever, and in a fair way of recovery.—He next enquired of Vertola the motives of their flight from the castle of Montillo. "They are very singular," said the old steward; "your Excellenza knows that we heard a voice when I was telling you the story of the Don's two wives; whatever it was, the Don soon knew all I had been telling; and, when your servant sent a note to the young ladies, and afterwards came to speak to them at night, the whole design was imputed to me by the Don, who found the letter on Lady Amaranta's toilet. The interruption of his last marriage by a stranger had made him more suspicious than ever.—To explain about this awful stranger I must go a little back in my tale. Don Algonah took his journey to Grenada this year earlier than usual.—In a week I received an order to prepare the chapel and every thing for his lady's reception.—She hated the match, but the Count Tenedos sacrificed her to the riches of the Don.—Well, the party arrived, and the castle was full of guests.—The Don's favorite passion has always been to have a heir, for which purpose I believe he would have married and sacrificed a hundred wives.

"The morning of the nuptials came; the company had taken their places before the altar of the chapel, and the priest had begun the ceremony, when the bursting open of the doors attracted the attention of all present and suspended the proceedings.—A stranger, masked, and habited in a Moorish dress, then advanced up the chapel in a stately manner, and presented Don Algonah with a letter, which he held in his left

hand.—Don Algonah turned pale, and his teeth chattered, as he looked on the contents. “If,” said he, “the earth or sea can restore the dead, then may this be true!” The stranger then raised his mask, and smiling contemptuously on Algonah, he walked back through the chapel, and had disappeared before Algonah gave orders to stop him. The ceremony ended here, the Count Tenedos leading his daughter from the chapel till the mystery was cleared up.—From that hour the Don has never quitted the castle.

“I observed there was something in his manner to Clementia, a gaze of admiration that I could not account for. When he had discovered the schemes of Rondo, he entered the same day into my little chamber in a fury, the letter in one hand and his sword in the other.—He seized me by the hair, and threw me down.—I begged for mercy, and swore by heaven I was ignorant of any plot against him; “and as for the letter, my lord,” said I, “did you allude to the letter delivered to you by the stranger at the altar?” I seemed here to have touched the string of security, for he turned away in terror, and left me.

“The sight of this letter now engaged all my attention, and, learning that the next day he was going to place Amaranta in a convent, I resolved to indulge my curiosity during his absence.—In this however I failed, the letter being with him, and I was obliged to wait till his return, which was in ten days.—He now sought to be constantly in the company of Clementia, and spoke so lightly of the ties of consanguinity, that I did not know to what lengths his anxiety to have a heir might lead him.—One night, as I lay dozing, I fancied I heard a step move along the passage: I called, and no one answering, I rose, and put on my watch-coat, to see who this midnight rambler could be.—Taking a light with me, I pursued the person, who was dressed only in a loose night gown: as I drew near I beheld Don Algonah; his appearance and gesture at first led me to think he was delirious, but I afterwards was assured he was in a dream.—He then proceeded to the Gothic hall in the eastern wing, and seated himself in a chair: he then suddenly started as if he had seen the spectre of Alvarez.—“Art thou here, thou vision!” he exclaimed; “If you seek for Juliana, look not for her here—Yet it is said *she lives*!—What then! thou art dead!—My coward soul yet fears thee.—Ha! what blood, what dagger, is that?—No, no, I did not do it!—I will meet thee, per-

turbed spirit, at another time; but let me now go to sleep in peace!" He then moved some paces backwards, repeating, "Follow me not!—Dost thou ask if she lives?—If thou hadst lived it had been well!—But the deed is done!—I have known crimes as deep and older than this!—They rise not to haunt me.—Rest then in peace like them!" He then, after looking wildly round the hall, returned to his chamber, and I followed.

"The words "*she lives!*" struck me that they were contained in the letter I so eagerly wished to obtain; and this important letter I fancied I now saw lying on his writing desk, half unfolded.—I watched a few minutes at the door, which was opened; and finding he had seated himself on the sofa, and remained unawakened, I advanced on tiptoe, and grasped the prize. I held it to the lamp, and read these words—"*The injured Lady Cleona, your wife, still lives!*" I had reached no farther, when Don Algonah suddenly started up, and, seizing me by the throat, exclaimed, "Wretch, hast thou dared to peruse my papers? What ruin or murder dost thou meditate—mine?—But thou shalt not now escape me!—No, thy treachery shall be rewarded!" In vain I offered an excuse.—He seized his sword, and ordered me to follow him. We proceeded to the eastern wing of the castle, and descended till we came to a long passage, at the end of which he opened a heavy iron door, painted so as to elude observation. It led into a descent of fifty steps below the foundations of the building.—The mildewed stairs, the chill damps, and stagnant vapours, filled me with terror. At the bottom he turned to the right, and, forcing back a rusty bolt, he opened a dark and terrific cell. "Here my friend Vertola," said he, tauntingly; "I have long thought of giving you a place of repose suitable to your merits:—here you can meditate on all you have seen and told, and I will take care you shall not be disturbed."

"I begged him to dispatch me as a preferable death, to perishing in the dungeon; but he refused; and I now found as I entered the door of the cell, and stumbled over the skeleton of some murdered unfortunate, that stratagem could alone save me. "Ye holy powers!" I exclaimed, running back and crossing myself, "what do I see?—Tell me, Don Algonah, is not that the Count Alvarez, my master?—See, he stands bleeding in yonder corner!" "The Count there!" he replied in the tone of horror.—The wind at this moment grat-

ing the door of the dungeon, and the images of his recent dream haunting his mind, he suddenly turned round, and ascended the steps, pursuing the way to his chamber: I followed, and took the key from the iron door, which I fastened, resolved to leave the castle on the following day. In the morning however, the Don, perhaps suspecting my design, spoke to me in his closet on the breach of honour I had committed; and ended with an offer of forgiveness, and my reinstatement in his favour, if I would be more discreet and silent in future.

“The only motive, however, which could determine me to remain in the castle, was the situation of my Lady Clementia, who was unsuspecting of the black and incestuous purpose I read in her father’s looks. A few days after our reconciliation, I had been overlooking the stores of Italian preserves, and fell asleep in the room.-- It was midnight when I awoke, and the moon shone brightly; I started up, and was venturing along the gallery in the dark, when I saw Don Algonah, apparently inebriated, with a lamp in his hand, advancing: his caution plainly indicated this was no dream; he stopped at the door of Clementia’s apartment, and gently turning the lock, and leaving his lamp at the door, he went in.—I then placed myself at the door; in a minute I heard the screams of Clementia, who rushed out of the chamber and flew into my arms, crying, “Save me, O save me from my father!” “What of him?” demanded I. —“Oh! let me lose sight of him for ever!” she exclaimed: “Hide me from him, conduct me any where!”—I immediately led her to the back staircase, first seizing the lamp at the door; while the Don, foaming like a madman, followed as fast as his long night gown would permit.---We then reached the eastern wing, and descended to the long passage, at the end of which was the iron door. I opened it with the key I had retained, and we entered it at the moment the Don’s foot endeavoured to force it back.—When my dear lady had reached the bottom of the steps, “Alas!” cried she, “Vertola, where are we going?—Do you know where we are?” “Let us trust in Providence,” said I, “my dear lady. It protected me from being entombed in this dismal dungeon, and will not desert us now.”

“Continuing our progress down the avenue, we came to an archway, leading into an aqueduct of half a mile nearly in length.—At the end of the avenue the wall appeared to have fallen in, and for ever to obstruct our exit.—Here our lamp expired, and filled us with horror.---The alarm of Clementia gave my old

bones new vigour, and when I had removed the top of the rubbish, I perceived the day-light shine through: this encouragement redoubled my efforts, and in an hour I had made a sufficient aperture to get through, and place her on the turf before the broken barrier, which we passed in safety.

“The morn had just began to peep, when we wholly quitted the castle, and Clementia acquired fresh spirits as she tripped over the flowery fields to the cottage of Lomas, who received us at such an early hour with surprise and curiosity. Here we provided ourselves with disguises, while he made ready two mules, on which we proceeded to Madrid. A few leagues however before we reached the capital, Senor, it being night, and a storm coming on, we took refuge in your mansion, and learned with infinite satisfaction who was the possessor. Clementia would, from delicacy, have declined seeing you, but Rondo entering, we were immediately ushered into your presence, without his informing you of our arrival; the consequence of which has been unfortunate.” “I congratulate you on your courage and escape,” said the Marquis—“But tell me, Vertola, did that monster Algonah?”—“Be satisfied, Senor,” replied Vertola.—“Clementia was awake when the Don entered her chamber, and on his approach to the bed, she jumped out, and called for assistance. In the struggle to detain her she slipped from his hand, and snatched up a bed-gown; his inebriety made him stumble, during which he vociferated, that if she attempted to escape he would murder her. She then darted through the passages, and we providentially escaped here together.”—Old Vertola having finished his narration, the Marquis retired to rest, where we shall leave him to turn to Olivaro.

The evening at length arrived when Amaranta was to meet Olivaro in the garden of the convent. The heavenly vision of the beautified Selina was ever present to her mind, and when she forebodingly told her friend Emelina that the spirit of Selina had warned her that she should on that evening *go hence*, the former would have advised her to delay the intended meeting, “No,” replied Amaranta, “though my heart is deeply oppressed, I will not disappoint him. He has my promise, and that is sacred. Indeed, if the warning of the deceased Selina have meaning, how can I avert its power!” Amaranta, after attending vespers, retired to her cell with her friend, till the convent bell struck twelve: then, taking the arm of Emelina, they passed through the cloisters, and, unbolting, a door, they gained the bottom of the garden, where the wall entered the

private and narrow street.—A friendly whisper from Olivaro informed them that all was ready.—He pulled Amaranta's hand affectionately, but she drew back.—“Olivaro,” said she, “I have much to say, and much to disprove in these illicit proceedings. I feel that my father's approbation is wanting.—Hard as you may think it, my solemn resolution is never—” “Hold but a moment,” cried the Marquis, “While I urge your sister's unfortunate situation as an additional motive for escape.” He then detailed the particulars previously mentioned. Assured of the truth of the Marquis's account, Amaranta consented to go if Emelina would accompany her. “Come,” said Olivaro, “the delay of a moment may never be regained. Here, Amaranta, do you wrap yourself in my cloke, and take my hat and feather, while I put on your long black veil. Thus you will escape any danger of surprise.”

They were instantly metamorphosed, and, as the half hour clock struck, Amaranta felt a trembling seize her limbs. In a moment a stranger sprang through the bushes, who in the obscurity appeared habited like Olivaro.—“Wretch,” cried he, in a tremendous voice, “thou shalt now feel my poinard!”—As he uttered these words, he rushed on the disguised Amaranta, and plunged his weapon into her bosom. “It is accomplished,” said the dying Amaranta;—the words that followed were lost in murmurs as her spirit fled into eternity. Olivaro without waiting to learn the height of his misery, pursued the murderer, who fled over the wall by the ladders which Olivaro had planted there. The assassin was descending, when a man disguised in a dark cloke, and masked, stood at the bottom with a dark lantern in one hand, and a drawn sword in the other. “It is the Marquis Rondolos himself,” exclaimed he, and he made a thrust at the person Olivaro was pursuing with his sword, which wounded him. As he was about to repeat his lunge, a pistol bullet fired from a stranger laid him upon the ground. When Olivaro had reached the bottom, the stranger said, taking him for a nun, “Is it the Marquis Rondolos who is severely wounded?”—“Who asks?” cried the Marquis; “what I do hear!—Is it not the voice of my lost friend, Marano de Pinato?”—“It is!” replied his friend; “but who are you thus disguised?”—“I am the wretched Olivaro Rondolos!” exclaimed he:—“wretched indeed! for your cousin Amaranta lies bleeding in the garden!”—“Does she yet live?” said a wounded man, whose voice they both knew to be that of Algonah. “Marano, you have murdered some one at

the foot of the ladder, with the shot you doubtless meant for me." Olivaro rushed towards the Don on hearing his voice, with his dagger in his hand, but was prevented from striking by Marano, who said, "Let there be no more blood spilt *here*. The man who lies dead evidently mistook Algonah for you from what he said, and it was to save your life I shot him." Marano, on holding the lantern to his features, recognized a face he had before seen, which Algonah pronounced to be that of Pedro, cursing him at the same time for not arriving at the spot before he had crossed over the wall, and thereby being ignorant that he had assumed a disguise like Olivaro, whence Pedro had wounded him in a mistake: Marano and Olivaro then crossed over the wall, leaving Algonah groaning on the street side. When they took hold of Amaranta, the chill of death was on her, and she died in the arms of Olivaro. Emelina had fainted, and it was some time before she was recovered, to be a witness of the dismal scene.

This detention was very distressing to Marano, who had business of great urgency at another part of Madrid. At the moment he was preparing to go, the officers, of the Inquisition arrived, attended by torch bearers, and arrested the whole party, except Marano, who, having but the moment before the accident passed the corps de garde, and appearing to have no connection with the escape of the Dominican nun, was suffered to proceed. Previously to this, however, Emelina, by the glare of the torches, had recollected the lost Marano.—Their meeting was interesting, for Emelina from early youth had had a partiality for him, and it was with regret he was compelled to leave her in such a situation. The Don, immediately after Marano's departure, accused him of murdering Pedro, and wounding himself, but his charge was but little attended to by the officers, who, having given orders about the disposal of the dead, carried the living to the prison of the Inquisition.

Marano hastened to the inn at which he had taken lodgings on his arrival that night at Madrid. Here he found his beloved Seraphina all anxiety at his absence; this young lady, he had brought with him from Morocco, where she had been the inmate of a Bashaw's haram. Marano explained the melancholy cause of his detention, and then proposed to take her the following morning to the country seat of the Marquis d'Antares, where she would find a hospitable and secure retreat. He began his journey early in the morning, fearful of an arrest from the Inquisition, and they had reached the end nearly without any re-

markable incident.—As the evening advanced, however, and they proceeded by the side of the beautiful Tagus, a sudden plunge into the stream alarmed Marano, unhesitatingly, tore off his upper garments, and jumped in, on seeing a female struggling with the waves. He saved the wretched object, and placed her in the chaise, while Seraphina assisted in recovering her.—A portrait was suspended to her neck, the traits of which reminded him of features he had some where known. Touching a secret spring, the portrait flew open, and the words *Roderigo Algonah*, set in emeralds, caught his eye.—“Can this have been *Don Algonah*!” exclaimed he. “How has age and vice changed him!”—At length the stranger recovered; and, as she opened her eyes, and beheld Seraphina, she shuddered, and exclaimed, “Just heaven! is it possible!” “What possible?” cried Marano. “She is delirious,” said Seraphina: “let us hasten to the *Marquis d’Antares*, lest she die in the carriage.” “O keep me from him!” exclaimed the female; “I will never behold him! his frown would kill me!—No! rather let me perish here!”

When they reached the palace, she refused to see the *Marquis*, and was delivered to the care of *Rondo*.—*d’Antares* when the arrival of a gentleman and lady was announced, expected to have seen *Olivaro* and *Amaranta*.—Guess then his astonishment on beholding his former friend and dear companion standing in the middle of the room, holding the hand of a young lady, whose features were the likeness of the portrait they had found in the chamber of the Moorish castle, where they had sheltered themselves from the storm. The lady was dressed in all the style of eastern magnificence, and her beauty was superior to her elegant appearance. After some agreeable conversation, the *Marquis* remarking that his friend seemed to be wet, Seraphina related the accident they had met with on the road, and described the female they had brought with them. “Unhappy creature!” exclaimed the *Marquis*; “and has her crime reduced her to this state of conscience! It was mistaking her that I wounded my dear *Clementia*—to whom I will shortly introduce you, as she is recovering the consequence of her illness very fast.”

The portrait Seraphina wore at her breast attracted the attention of *d’Antares*, and he enquired whose likeness it bore. “It is the portrait,” said the lovely Seraphina, “of my esteemed father, the *Count Alvarez*; I am his daughter by the *Lady Cleona*!” “Holy Powers!” cried the *Marquis*: “then you are the infant daughter whom we supposed murdered by the bar-

barous edict of Philip.—You are sister to Amaranta, and heiress to the long-unclaimed Grenada estates ! Don Algonah will not rejoice at your unexpected return.”

The mention of the Don's name introduced the melancholy tale of the business of the preceding evening ; and the death of Amaranta, of which the Marquis was ignorant.—His rage burst forth against Don Algonah ; and it found alleviation only in the reflection that he was in the hands of the Holy Office.

After some remarks from Marano, on the singular circumstance of the three sisters drawing so near to each other at the same time, after so long a separation, Seraphina retired to rest, the Marquis deferring the introduction to Clementia till the following morning. When Marano and d'Antares were left alone, the former, at the request of his friend, related the narrative of his adventures since the time of their separation on the mountains of Sierra Morena.

Narrative of Marano de Pinato.

ON the day that I quitted you, intending to return to the environs of Montillo, and my mind being busy with its own reflection, I turned down a dreary lane, which conducted me some miles nearer to Tolosa, but wide from the intended object.—When I had reached my head quarters, I received orders to march first to Malaga, and, after halting two days, to proceed to Ceuta, in Barbary, which place the Moors were besieging. It was judged necessary to supply the garrison with more troops, and my regiment was appointed to that service.

On the evening of my arrival I walked down to the shores of the Mediterranean: I wandered forward till I lost sight of the castle and the city, and I sat down upon the fragment of a rock, surveying the wavy prospect till the moon arose. After a short time I heard soft and airy tones steal upon my ear: they seemed to proceed over the water, and as I listened I was entranced with pleasure: a full chorus then succeeded, and the sounds seemed gradually to sink into the bosom of the deep.

While I sat conjecturing whence these celestial warblings proceeded; I heard the distant sound of a boat rowing to the shore. In the hollow of the rock I could see without being discovered, and here I waited till the boat reached the beach.—Four men then lifted out a heavy trunk, and having marked out a proper spot, three of them began to dig a pit, while the fourth wept bitterly in a language which I took to be Moorish.—In a short time the chest, which appeared to be heavy, was let down with ropes, and the mourner threw himself prostrate on the sands in an agony of grief. A gun was next fired, which I took to be a signal from a galley at some distance, for their return.

The stranger continued to be fixed to the spot, till his Moorish companions suddenly seized him, forced him into the boat, and rowed away, leaving their tools behind them. Prompted by curiosity, as soon as they were out of sight I began to dig; and in half an hour I had cleared the sand from the cover of the chest.—In this situation I could only lift up the lid, the chest being too heavy to remove: beneath some folds of fine linen, I perceived by the pale light of the moon, the face of a human

figure, extremely young and beautiful; and, instead of the dead body of a man, as I expected, I found the celestial figure of a female.

As I gazed with astonishment upon the beauty of the deceased's features, I was surprised by the sound of voices behind me, and, on turning round, I was seized by the men who had so recently quitted the shore; they had returned to finish their labour.—The epithets of dog and Christian, while their scimitars flashed over my head, alarmed me for my personal safety; and I was only rescued from immediate death by the interference of the person who appeared so overwhelmed with grief.—They then conducted me to their boat, and pinioned me on the deck.—I turned with a melancholy look to my native shore, as it receded from my sight.

On the following morning the Captain came upon deck, and I judged from the grief in his countenance that he was the same who had wept at the strange funeral on shore.—A violent dispute shortly arose between the Captain and the crew; the result of which was that I was delivered to them, plundered, and stripped; and the picture was torn from my neck which I so much valued. Touched by my earnest solicitation, the Captain insisted on its being returned. As he took it, he gazed upon it with surprise, which I attributed to the Moorish habit; and ordering me peremptorily to be released and reclothed, he asked me in Spanish by what means I had become possessed of the picture. I informed him that, as the story was prolix, we had better adjourn to his cabin; and when I mentioned the name of Algonah, he seemed overcome with rage. When I had finished, "This, Spaniard," said he, "is the likeness of my dear sister, Lady Cleona. The cruel edict of Philip banished my whole family, except that sister, when I was very young; she remained with her husband and child, while I and my brother Ismael fled into exile. I have never heard of her nor her child since, but from report; and I have little doubt but the hand which destroyed her husband, Count Alvarez, has from, caprice, removed her!"

The barbarous conduct of Achmet, which I had witnessed on the shores of Malaga, appeared to me altogether unaccountable.—He lived chiefly on the water, and retained a favourite mistress in his small cabin, whose name I never mentioned without creating a visible agitation; her seclusion I attributed to the custom of the east.

After sailing several days, the sailors, jealous of the favours shewn me as a Christian and companion, began to exhibit signs

of mutiny, and Achmet cautioned me to be on my guard. On the second night after this advice, I had retired to my own cabin, after a tedious game at chess, of which the Moors are extremely fond, and had fallen asleep; when I dreamt the spirit of Count Alvarez bid me awake, seize my sword, and protect myself!

I awaked with his call, and instantaneously unsheathed the weapon. The cabin was not so dark, but I could discern the approach of a person, who advanced to my cot on tiptoe, and lifted up his poignard to strike at my breast.—In an instant I darted my sword point into his throat, and he fell motionless on the floor. Fearful of his comrades, when I reflected on what I had done, I resolved to awaken Achmet; and taking my pistols in my sash, my sword in my right hand, and the assassin's dagger in the other, I proceeded to grope my way to his cabin.—A confused noise now ran between decks, and the clash of swords convinced me there was a mutiny: I then flew forward, and found Achmet fighting like a tiger, in the middle of six or seven of the crew.—Considering my own fate as inevitable if he were conquered, I fell upon the nearest with irresistible fury, and killed three. At this juncture, from the blood on the boards, Achmet in making a blow slipped and fell, and his antagonist, leaping on him had raised an axe to cleave his scull. While I kept them at bay with my poignard, seeing the situation he was in, and too far distant myself to assist him with my sword, I drew a faithful pistol, and shot the ruffian at the critical moment in the head. The noise of the firing alarmed the whole ship's crew, and several sailors rushed forward who had not been in the secret of the mutinous crew.—The fight now became general and bloody, and ended in a parley, in which they promised to return to their duty, upon their resistance being buried in oblivion: several were killed, and the Captain was so badly wounded, that his life was precarious.—He expressed in the most grateful manner his sense of the services I had rendered him; and the more I knew of him, the more I wondered at his conduct on the shore of Malaga.

After cruising some weeks without success, during which he mended slowly, we drew near to Tetuan, and he began to be more communicative.—“I should have been happy, (said he) to have introduced you to my brother Ismael, but I dare never see him more.”—“Do you allude,” said I, “to the transaction where I was taken?”—“Yes,” replied he. “The truth of that fact which stings me with unavailing remorse, is unknown to my ship's crew. But to you, Marano, who have

saved my life, I will relate the secret which poisons mine.—Mourza is the name of the lady who accompanies me as my wife, and during my last trip she remained at my brother Ismael's. Before the present voyage, and about two months since, she joined me at Tetuan, bringing with her several presents from my brother, and a beautiful slave named Hamet, given her by Selima, Ismael's favourite wife. Early in our voyage, a tenderness between Hamet and Mourza attracted my jealousy, but day after day elapsed without any positive discovery.—At length, one evening, suddenly quitting the watch on deck, I entered the cabin, and found Hamet with his arm round the waist of Mourza, and her head reclined on his shoulder; a tender kiss followed something whispered by Mourza, and I felt a delirium of rage run through every nerve. The excess of passion prevented me from any decisive measure; I retired to think of an appropriate punishment, and determined that he should gradually die before her eyes, and she should watch the progress of putrescence shut up with his dead body in her cabin!—After we had weathered a hard storm, I proposed to regale ourselves, during which I infused some incurable poison into the sherbet of Hamet. As he raised the cup, he said I have heard the people of Europe drink healths, so will I: “Here is the health of my late good master, Ismael, your brother, Captain.” When he had drank off the fatal glass, Mourza remarked that the wine had improved the brilliancy of his eye. I burst with rage at this speech, and was congratulating myself on the consequence that would soon follow, when Mourza said, in an arch manner, “Confess, my dear Achmet, that you have been a little jealous of this agreeable slave.” “Dare you,” cried I, “add insult to the injury you have done me! but you —” The progress of my speech was interrupted by a loud burst of laughter from Mourza, who, looking me in the face, said, “You shall know our secret—this little mischief-making Hamet is your niece Nourah!” Conviction and guilt stared me full in the face at these words:—the poison in a few minutes laid her prostrate, and the unfortunate robe she had assumed, now opened to give her breath, but too fully shewed the truth of her sex.

“No words can paint the horror I felt. “Wretched Mourza!” cried I, “now will my brother have to lament the loss of both his children!” “Her anxiety to see Spain,” said Mourza, “and trace her lost brother Almorán, induced me to

enter into her project, since you and Ismael were averse to her going: I have therefore been alone instrumental to her destruction!" The body was afterwards perfumed, and put into a chest, the unhallowed interment of which you, Marano, were a witness to."

I was condoling with Achmet on the melancholy event, and drawing suitable inferences from it when a sudden shout upon deck interrupted our conversation, and which we learned was occasioned by the crew perceiving a large Spanish ship of war between us and the shore. "Now," said Achmet, "it will be your turn to protect me; our capture is inevitable. But, whatever may be my fate, I entreat you by our friendship to defend the wretched Mourza from insult."

The Spanish vessel soon came along side, and boarded us without opposition. I immediately enquired for the commander, whom I found I had formerly known. My interference procured a separate cabin for Achmet and his lady: nor could I help feeling a particular interest in his fate, when I reflected that he was brother to the lady whose portrait I had fallen in love with. We shortly after arrived in the harbour of Ceuta, where I found my troops; our meeting was equally unexpected and pleasant, as the Moors pressed the siege closely. Achmet's health declining from the confinement of the fort, I determined to effect either his exchange or escape, but I found each equally difficult. I examined the fortification, and observed a part of some old works which appeared easy to be scaled.—I entered into conversation with the solitary centinel on watch, who informed me that an apparition stalked near his post every night. While I stood talking, the figure advanced to me, and darted an angry frown—but, as I surveyed him, I saw nothing of immateriality about his face or form. I then drew my sword, and pointed it to the ghost's throat, and swore I would make a ghost of him. "Hold your hand, Marano de Pinato!" said he in a firm voice.—"*I know the secrets of your heart! I know the crimes of Algonah, and the fortunes of Cleona. I am—listen!—I am Rimanez, the conjuror, whom you once consulted in Spain. I was then travelling the country for intelligence. What you have seen extraordinary has been produced by the effects of chemistry, and I have only to break this small tube of glass to strike you dead at my feet!—But I possess many other secrets besides chemical ones, and the time may come, Marano, when you will know I am a powerful*

friend. I will guide Achmet to the camp, where he will meet a person whom he will be glad to see."

"Remember," said I, "I am here to protect this fortress, and I shall oppose every one who approaches in a hostile manner." I then parted with Achmet and Rimanez, and ordered the next guard to take care of the centinel who had not recovered from his swoon. The next day I had too soldiers hung in sight of the enemy, who were in the plot with Rimanez, and with some difficulty procured the freedom of Mourza, whom I sent with a flag of truce to Tetuan.—The Moors seeing their treacherous scheme defeated, and the faulty bastion repaired, determined to try the effect of a general storm on the following day; we were prepared. In the ardour of conquest we pursued them to the open plain, where a fresh multitude opposed us, with determined fury. While I was debating on the propriety of a retreat, a Barbarian, mounted on a high mettled Arabian courser, rushed upon me with a long spear, which I fortunately divided with a blow of my sabre. Missing the force of his thrust he fell to the ground, and I dragged him from the saddle, and mounted in his place. Fresh troops reinforcing us, we drove the enemy quite back, and, eagerly pursuing, I found myself so much detached from my corps, that my retreat was cut off.—My generous courser, feeling the courage of his rider, seconded my efforts, and we either trod or cut down whoever opposed us.

The moment I could safely halt I looked round, and found myself almost out of sight of the fort of Ceuta.—Here I beheld the battle rage afresh, and at length saw the Moors totally defeated. Fearful the flying foe might come up with me, I turned my courser round, and he flew over the sandy desert, till I beheld at a distance a dark object, intercepting the view of the horizon. This at length proved to be a mass of walls and battlements, with a quadrangular tower at each corner. I was surprised to find such a building in a place remote from any other habitation, or the least sign of cultivation, except what surrounded it. A beautiful stream watered the golden sands that encircled it, and it seemed placed there by suspicion for the purpose of pleasure and retirement. I marched my horse round this magnificent castle, but did not perceive the gate. The stream round the walls seemed to forbid any communication, as the drawbridge was drawn up: but my courser soon relieved me from this dilemma, by plunging into the water, and landing me safely in the outer court of the castle. As no creature appeared

to question me on my business, I proceeded to the inner court, and knocked at the gate. Being no windows on the ground floor by which I could enter, I placed my horse directly under a lofty balcony, and, standing erect on his back, I caught hold of the balusters, and mounted into it. The centre was divided off, which I supposed belonged to the ladies' side. At a few paces I saw a little door, and entering forward I passed in the dark several apartments, without interruption.---At last I fancied I perceived a light through a length of gloom. I advanced cautiously to the door, whence it proceeded, and pushing it a few inches open, beheld a saloon, replete with eastern magnificence. Its rich carpets and perfumed fountains however attracted my attention less than two slaves, who were present, one lying on the floor, and venting sighs; the other standing over him with a goblet of wine in his hand.---“Come,” said he, “here is a long life to the brave Abdallah, master of the great Bashaw’s haram; lord of the household---who”-----At this moment his eye caught my figure, which I had advanced half forward, attracted by so curious a sight.

Perceiving the consternation I had caused, I entered the saloon, and assured them that from me they had nothing to fear. After stammering out some incoherent questions, he asked me if I had come by the bashaw’s orders! “Most certainly,” replied I, concluding from this that the lord of the castle was absent; “and now, most omnipotent Abdallah, seeing how well you can entertain yourself, let me see you act as *lord of the household*, and regale me!”---“That’s what I like,” replied Abdallah: “though I am lord here during the bashaw’s absence, I cannot make this fellow drink. I hate a sober fellow, and that’s all the better for you.---But how the devil got you in, and when does the bashaw return, and how goes on the siege with those tough Christian dogs?”

In a short time the slaves lay insensible on the floor, and I had no doubt had lighted the saloon to enjoy themselves in the bashaw’s absence. Taking a bunch of keys, which had fallen from Abdallah’s pouch, I opened a door opposite to that I had entered, and traversed several luxuriant apartments, till I came to one richly perfumed, and hung with violet coloured satin and variegated flowers.—Here, on a rose coloured couch lay a lady sleeping, beautifully clad in robes of purple and India muslin.—A light veil concealed her face, which I gently withdrew, and beheld, O heavens! the indescribable reality of the portrait I had so long cherished.—My whole soul was

absorbed in love and contemplation—I stood till she turned and waked.—A faint scream followed her surprise, as I sunk upon one knee, and repeated a thousand protestations to quiet her alarm. Seeing she regarded me with a kindly eye, I drew the picture from my bosom, and putting it into her hand, demanded if she ever saw the original! “Long have I sought for the lovely reality,” said I; “this picture came into my possession many months since in a singular way, and now I have found all I have sighed for, thou celestial divinity!” “Great Mahomet!—the likeness is mine!”—exclaimed Seraphina. “But, stranger, it is dangerous to stay even to give an explanation. If the bashaw should know of your intrusion in these forbidden apartments, alas! I should tremble for your fate!”

“Ah, angelic creature,” said I—“there is my despair—the favoured bashaw, blessed with your love—” “Love!” exclaimed Seraphina—“I have only known that sublime passion yet by name!—the bashaw is my aversion. I would rather be the meanest drudge in his palace than be compelled to receive his loathsome addresses!”

I then spoke to her of my family, of my property, and of marrying her in Spain, where mutual esteem was a jewel more invaluable than all the tinsel splendour of the East.—Seraphina then indulged me by giving a brief narrative of her life:—“I have heard my nurse often repeat to me the cruelties which took place in consequence of the edict of Philip, without particularizing either my family or name. When I had attained my sixth year, my nurse privately sold me to a slave merchant. In dressing me out, I particularly remember a string of pearls hung round my neck, which my purchaser insisted should go with me. My prattle and person engaged his favour, and he educated me with great care and expence. Never having experienced the caresses of a parent, I became attached to him, and led a life of happiness till he died. His rapacious heir then sold me to a merchant, who again sold me to the bashaw Ismael Solyman, whose slave I now am.”

Our conversation next took a tender turn, and I proposed to Seraphina to effect an immediate escape; and that Abdallah should be of our party, as he knew the path across the sands, and for the sake of his freedom would be faithful to us. I imparted the scheme to Abdallah, who agreed to every part but that of going before he had had a gala night:—“and this,” added he, “shall be to-morrow night.” It was useless to represent to him that delays were dangerous; he laughed at my

fears, and left me to give orders about preparing the celestial saloon for the grand festival. On the following morning the ladies of the haram were let loose, and expressed their astonishment at the figure and dress of an European. In particular, a lady, named Zulima, addressed herself to my notice, and I observed she beheld Seraphina with a jealous eye. Except this lady, who was of a bold figure and commanding aspect, the others had more the manners of children. The bashaw's favourite wife, by whom he had two children, both of whom were dead, refused to partake in our revelry, and remained in her apartments. At the first hour of night our festival began, and Seraphina, magnificently decorated, looked like the houri of the enchanting scene. From the garden we were invited to visit the great bashaw Abdallah, who, in the centre of the celestial saloon, under a glittering canopy, seemed surrounded by every earthly luxury. When the Turkish dances had subsided, our bashaw gave the word to move into the supper room, where he seated himself in the bashaw's seat, and ordered no one to remain sober after he ceased to be so. Zulima now ordered her black servant to fetch a bottle of the favourite wine which she and the bashaw used to drink together.—Pouring some into a golden vessel, and presenting it to Seraphina, she said, “Come, Seraphina, you cannot refuse a cup to the health of your brave Spaniard.”—Seraphina took it, and as she raised it to her lips, the malignant look of Zulima gave me a suspicion of the fate of Nourah—I dashed it from her hand, and Zulima, perceiving she was detected in her poisonous treachery, drew a dagger, and would have sheathed it in the bosom of Seraphina, but I threw myself before her, and, drawing my sabre, presented its point to her in turn.

In this state of confusion, with our weapons uplifted, three blasts from the shrill sound of a trumpet, threw all the company in the most alarming consternation. The cup fell from the hand of Seraphina, and, as she sunk into my arms, she feebly uttered, “My dear Marano, we are all lost!—It is the bashaw Solymán!” Zulima, recovering from the first affright, threatened me with revenge. Abdallah lay insensible from inebriety, and the ladies had swooned with terror. In this state the bashaw entered, attended by his guard—Zulima instantly addressed him—“Behold, my lord,” said she, “the source of all the disorder in this Spaniard, who has boasted that he slew you in battle, who has offered violence to me, bribed your servant Abdallah, and now holds your slave Seraphina in his arms!”

While Zulima spoke, Solyman recognized me: "'Tis the man who had nearly conquered me in battle!" said he. "Guards, seize the Christian dog, disarm, and bear him to the dungeon.—Seraphina shall this night be mine! And, after I am sated, the women shall be resold, and Seraphina with them!" I became frantic with rage, and endued with gigantic strength—I burst from the guards, and rushing upon Solyman, I drew the fatal dagger which I wore in my bosom.—As he receded to avoid the blow, Zulima threw herself upon me with the weapon still in her hand:—I avoided her, and in the act of defence pierced her to the heart.

Again I was seized, and forced to the dungeon in an insensible state. When my recollection returned, I found myself chained to the wall.—I called on the name of Seraphina till I was exhausted.—Every moment I expected the execution of the Bashaw's sentence, and a slow step soon announced the approach of it.—The person advanced close to me, concealed by the total darkness.—A glaring light then shone from behind, and a voice along the vaulted passage called out, "Stop till I ask the wretch some questions!" When the light appeared I beheld my danger.—A black slave, half naked, was standing over me with a battle axe, ready to strike. The stranger then demanded in a furious tone how I became possessed of the dagger I had killed Zulima with?—I instantly recollected the voice and features of Achmet, whose generous nature immediately set me at liberty, and promised me the same succour I had recently yielded him.—He then conducted me into that suite of rooms where I had first seen Seraphina.—In the last apartment my feelings were agonized by the sight of Seraphina sitting in an affectionate posture with the Bashaw. Achmet saw my agitation, and kindly turning to me said, "Feel no uneasiness at what you see, my friend.—A few hours have unravelled wonderful mysteries, and produced the most pleasing prospects. This is the Bashaw Ismael Solyman, my brother, and the brother of Lady Cleona. That is Seraphina, the daughter of our long lost sister, and you are my friend and preserver, Marano de Pinato."—Joy filled my soul, as Seraphina, unrestrained by the presence of her uncles, rushed into my arms.—After my transports had a little subsided, Achmet informed me that he had saved his brother's life on the field of battle, and had then explained to him the death of Nourah;—that Ismael Solyman, overcome with sorrow, had resolved to pass the rest of his days in solitude in his castle.

On his arrival, the disorder that reigned, and the words of Zulima had determined him to subdue the beautiful slave. As she lay on the couch apparently lifeless with terror, he beheld the necklace of pearl and gold, given by Lady Cleona to Seraphina at her birth.—He knew it again, and when she had recovered, he opened his arms to receive her as his niece.—Achmet confirmed his brother in the certainty of the necklace; and afterwards informed me that Rimanez was gone to his castle to fetch Lady Cleona to her brothers; and that Don Agonah had employed him as an agent to murder her, but, touched with pity and a love of her beauty, he had spread a report that she had been drowned in the Darro, in which the Don also thought that he (Rimanez) had shared the same fate:

After this Rimanez passed over to Barbary, but being unable to soften the dislike of Lady Cleona, he for many years kept her in confinement at a castle on the sea shore; after which he acquired considerable wealth in the service of his government.—I could scarcely believe this sudden reverse of fortune, and my history excited as much surprise when I related it to Achmet and Solyman.—In a few days Lady Cleona and Rimanez arrived, and seconded my suit with the brothers, who had made some objections to my marriage with Seraphina on the score of religion, and desired it not to take place till she had been presented to my relations in Spain.—After two months stay, the latter of which was the great fast Ramadin, we took leave of Solyman and Achmet, and set forward with my beloved Seraphina, Lady Cleona, Rimanez, and an ample escort. The next day we arrived at Ceuta, having procured a pass from Solyman.

We remained at Ceuta till a vessel arrived to transport us to Malaga, and after a tranquil voyage we experienced the pleasure of again treading on our native soil.—On the second night of our landing, Seraphina took a walk to the spot on the seashore, where her cousin Nourah was interred.—We stood hand in hand, looking at the grave, and admiring the solemnity of the water scene, when a confused murmur of approaching voices excited our attention. A cry of distress was mingled with the noise of several Spanish sailors, and, having given Seraphina a pistol to defend herself, we hurried to the spot.—On our appearance they took to flight, and left a poor man, habited like a fisherman, apparently lifeless from the severity of their blows.—When Seraphina, by the means of some strong stimulants and chafing, had brought him to, he opened his eyes

wildly ; but still was not perfectly sensible, till the morning light —As I gazed upon him, I thought his features resembled those of Seraphina ; and, when he thanked us for our attentive care, the tones of his voice equally struck me.—“ Surely, Seraphina,” said I, in the Moorish dialect, “ this is some unknown brother of your’s? his voice reminds me of Solyman’s!”—He then inquired in the same tongue if I knew Ismael Solyman.—“ He is my uncle,” replied Seraphina.—“ And I am his son Almorán!” said the youth. I was almost speechless with the pleasure of surprize. On enquiring by what strange accident the son of a bashaw had been metamorphosed into a fisherman, he replied, that he had secured some money in the sands, for the purpose of carrying them back to his native country ; and that his comrades, having discovered his treasure, meant to have taken his life, if we had not interfered ; that he had quitted home on a rambling expedition, in which he had experienced much variety and hardship, and had been reduced to take up the employment of a fisherman. We then conducted the wounded Almorán to Malaga, where his aunt Lady Cleona undertook to attend his recovery.

It was at this juncture that we learned that Don Algonah was about to become a husband a third time in his old age, and Rimanez and I planned the scheme which prevented the marriage ; Rimanez entering the chapel of the castle of Montillo, and presenting the mysterious letter at the altar, which broke off the nuptials.—When Almorán had recovered, we proposed his immediate journey to Solyman and Achmet, knowing the pleasure they would have in beholding him alive, and hearing of our welfare.

Having parted from Almorán, we quitted Malaga, and glided up the Darro, till we arrived without accident within a day’s sail of Grenada.—It was impossible I should forget our adventure in the Moorish tower, and as we drew near, Lady Cleona became extremely affected.—“ Beneath that building,” said Lady Cleona, “ is one of the most beautiful and extensive caverns I have ever read of, and which I once visited with Count Alvarez. Formerly the castle was a Moorish palace, but Philip’s edict has destroyed the work and decorations of ages!”—A storm now coming suddenly on, and no shelter near, it became necessary that we should land, and take refuge in one of the chambers of the tower. The ladies not choosing to ascend above the ground floor, we prepared a fire of wood, and spread carpets for their accommodation ; Rimanez and my servants

keeping watch while they laid down to sleep. As I stood admiring the dozing beauties of Seraphina by the obscure blaze of our fire, I saw in one corner of the room a flag stone of the pavement rise up on one side, and a man's face, covered with a long venerable beard, look around the apartment. I had scarcely time to point out the attention of Rimanez to the object, before the stone sunk into its place. "That is the spirit of some one murdered!" exclaimed I, looking alarmed. "Whatever it be," said Rimanez, "it is certainly a *strong spirit*, to raise that stone. And, if you are not more afraid now than you were of my performance on the walls of Ceuta, we will see if we cannot *raise* the stone and *lay* this ghost." I accepted the proposal, and with some difficulty we inserted the point of the dagger at the edge of the stone, and raised it. A frightful gulph presented itself, down which we quietly descended by means of a circular flight of stone steps, having previously loaded our pistols: at the foot of 300 stairs, we came into a beautiful grotto.

From this place we descended to a cavern, the sides of which were lined with black and monumental marble. In niches stood plain marble coffins, containing, from their inscriptions, the remains of Moorish nobility. We then quitted this solemn mausoleum of death, to repair to an arched vault, whence proceeded the sound of an organ, accompanying a very fine voice, which chaunted the *Te Deum*. At the end of the passage we found ourselves in a spacious chamber, lighted with beautiful lamps, and ornamented with the superb furniture of antient times. A lady, clothed in mourning robes, sat at the organ—she started with surprise at our entrance.—"Ye holy powers!" exclaimed Rimanez, "what do I see!—Can it be lady Juliana!" "Lady Juliana!" repeated I, struck with her resemblance to the picture of Don Algonah's first wife; "it cannot be!" "Who is it that remembers me?" said she, in a firm tone.—"I should remember that voice somewhere, if time have not rendered my memory treacherous." "This lady," I replied, "is Rimanez, formerly the servant of Don Algonah." Her countenance changed at the name, and she replied, "Are you sent here by Algonah?—I wonder he did not come himself." "Lady," said I, "be under no apprehension from us ---I am your nephew Marano de Pinato, and I will protect you." She embraced me with tears of joy, and added. "Then I shall see the blessed light of the sun---once more behold the face of nature!" "In what way, lady," asked Rimanez, have you

been nourished and confined here?" "The secret passage to this recess," said Lady Juliana, "is only known to Algonah.---Bernardo, the old steward, and Lucilla, my waiting-maid, have been long the companions of my imprisonment---for having accidentally discovered that the Don had buried a wax figure in my place, and that I was a prisoner in the eastern chamber of Montillo castle, before he conveyed me secretly to this cavern." Lucilla now entered, and encouraged by her mistress, informed them that Bernardo, prompted by the Don's neglecting to send the usual supply of provision, had been penetrating every where for an outlet; that behind the grotto he had found a perpendicular staircase, at the top of which was a trap door of stone; this he had raised, and beheld a company of robbers regaling in a chamber, which had so frightened him, that he had descended faster than he went, and was recovering from his fright.

Taking leave of this cavernous palace, we conducted the inmates of it to the chamber whence we had descended.---The day had already dawned when we awakened our friends, and introduced Lady Juliana, between whom and Lady Cleona there was no danger of rivalry about such a monster as Algonah. Having hired a house for my increased family at Grenada, and left Rimanez there, my impatience to take Seraphina to Madrid, where I understood Algonah was gone was the occasion of my being present at an event so unfortunate as the death of Amaranta."

Marano having closed his narrative, the friends adjourned to take repose.---When the Marquis d'Antares awoke, he told Rondo to fetch Furialza, but the manner of his faithful servant surprised him, and he demanded if he had suffered her to escape? "*San Pedro* be my comfort! Senor, said Rondo, I believe the devil has flown away with the old sorceress, for a black man enquired for her, and I shewed him to her room.---Not finding him return, I went to look after them, when lo! they had both vanished! So, your honour, the devil is in it if this was not the devil, and I think they are both of them best away from us!"---The Marquis was not a little affected by this strange incident, and requested Rondo to keep it secret.---When the Marquis's new guests had arisen, they were introduced to Clementia, who was kept in ignorance of Amaranta's story, and Seraphina was consigned to the care of her new sister-in law, while the Marquis and Marano hastened to Madrid. When they arrived, they drove to the quarter of the

Inquisition, and accosted the porter, whose silence precluded every information. Hence they repaired to the Count de Bel-lara's, and had scarcely entered, before the room door was opened by two persons habited in black robes of a peculiar form. "Marquis d'Antares and Marano de Pinato," said one of them, "we cite you before the most Holy Office.--Follow us in silence, and without delay!" As the summons of these officers of religious justice admitted of no evasion, they entered their carriage with them, and, when they arrived, were conducted through dreary vaults and passages to separate cells, to await their attendance in the dreadful hall of absolute power.

Every thing being ready for the examination, on the third night after, the Grand Inquisitor took his seat in the Black Hall, round which every symbol that could terrify and appal the mind was exhibited. Don Algonah, as the father of the murdered lady, took his post opposite the Judge, and was commanded by one of the fathers to reveal the circumstances of his daughter's death. "Most holy fathers," said Algonah, "I obey willingly.—I had two daughters, the props of my declining years, whose affections the Marquis d'Antares and Marano de Pinato have endeavoured to seduce.—To prevent Amaranta from ruin, I placed her under your immediate care, in the convent of the Dominican Nuns, while I repaired on business to Grenada. When I returned to my castle, I found my daughter Clementia had flown. I pursued her to Madrid, and there found that she lived with the Marquis d'Antares in an unholy state, and learned also that your sacred walls could not secure my daughter Amaranta from seduction.—Under this impression I caused my servant Pedro to traverse the precincts of the garden; being unwilling, however, on the fatal night to remain inactive at home, I went after him to be an eye witness myself.—I arrived at the garden about twelve, but could not perceive Pedro. A ladder was placed against the wall, which, forgetful of my duty, I mounted, and descended into the sacred garden.—Judge, holy father, what was my horror, when I beheld my daughter Amaranta bleeding on the ground; Olivaro clothing himself in her vestments, and a nun, named Emelina, wrapping the body in the Marquis's cloke, the more easily to convey it away. Struck with terror, I flew back to see for Pedro, and I found him on the other side the wall, struggling with a stranger, whom I have since learned was Marano de Pinato. This man having first shot my servant, wounded me severely with the sword he had taken from

Pedro, of which I am now extremely ill.—This, holy fathers, is all the truth: the rest is known to your officials.’

“There is an evident absurdity,” said one of the Inquisitors, “in a young man scaling the walls of a convent to liberate his mistress, and then murdering her.—For the present, Don Algonah, you are to withdraw.”

Olivaro was next ordered into their presence. After the usual oaths, the Supreme of the Court ordered him to make his confession.—“I confess that I have been the cause of death to two of the most excellent of women, and that I have committed sacrilege, but, holy father, not intentionally.—Amaranta is innocent of crime: she came to refuse my love, to tell me she had chosen heaven for her husband.—I sought only to free her from the tyranny of a cruel father, by whom she was shot dead in my arms!—But my friend Olivaro’s testimony would blast the monster if he were here.”—Olivaro then related his first interview with Amaranta, and the Don’s subsequent condemnation of his daughter to the habit.”

When Olivaro was ordered to withdraw, Marano came forward, attended by his mutes.—On the table lay the dagger, with every thing he had about his person when he was seized, which were now placed there as evidences of his presumptive guilt.—Having been sworn, the Supreme demanded if he was guilty of the murder of Pedro. “I am guilty!” replied Marano, calmly. “I should have rejoiced at it, if it had not saved Algonah from death by the hand of his vile instrument Pedro.—I am the only male relation of the Don, and I am selected by a higher power than sits here to bring him to justice, for crimes greater than the murder of his own daughter, which originated in a mistake. Holy fathers, the accusation against me is too malicious and shallow to merit your attention—not so the secret charges I pledge myself to substantiate against Algonah.”—“Remember,” said one of the Inquisitors, “you confess you have secrets—these the tribunal must know.—Look on that dagger, and say whose it is?” “It is at present mine,” said Marano; “but how I came by it I shall inform you when Algonah is confronted with me.—I therefore, Reverend Fathers, accuse him of murder, and crimes worse than adultery—this poinard is the witness!” At this moment a drop of blood was observed to fall from the dagger.—“Blessed Spirit!” exclaimed the Supreme, “this is a solemn business!—Lead the prisoner hence, and let the court be adjourned!”

On the fourth day after, at midnight, the Court again sat for

the final determination. An unusual degree of solemnity prevailed, and the lighted tapers, added to the black fantastic habits of the Suprema and the officials, gave no faint sketch of what might be supposed to be an infernal tribunal. Pictures of criminals, expiring in flames and tortures, were painted on the walls, and every object wore the livery of death. To make the scene more horrific, on one side was placed the corpse of Amaranta on a bier, and on the other that of Pedro; tapers were lighted at the head and feet of each, and shewed at once their features and the progress of the bodies to putrescence. Algonah first took his seat. Pale from his wound, and sullen from wounded pride, he resolved to brave every confession of guilt, seeing that he had nothing to fear from his agent Pedro. Olivaro and Marano were placed opposite to him, and the Marquis d'Antares had a seat by himself.—The Suprema, after expatiating on the *mercy* of the holy Court, exhorted the Don again to confess.—Upon his refusal, Marano was directed to exhibit his charges against the accused.—This he did by relating his adventures, from the meeting with the wounded soldier in the defile, to his arrival in the court of the Inquisition.—When he had done, Algonah addressed the Court on the absurd and romantic nonsense Marano had detailed, and concluded by asserting that he could produce nothing in proof of what he had advanced. The Marquis d'Antares then demanded of Algonah if he knew the dagger lying on the table.—Algonah replied in the negative, and at the same moment a hollow groan issued from the body of Pedro; the Court looked at each other with affright. “Hearken to the dead!” said D'Antares—“if you will not confess!—With the permission of the Court I would ask Algonah what were the objects I beheld in the horrid chamber, when I pursued Pedro, after his attempt to assassinate me?” “I take heaven to witness that I am ignorant of what you allude to!” said the Don. As he spoke, the tapers at the corpse of Pedro suddenly expired, and his dead lips seemed convulsively to heave, as if about to contradict the false assertion of Algonah.

The Inquisitors themselves saw it, and looked terrified.—“Tell what the chamber contained!” exclaimed the Suprema, “or the rack shall force it from you!”—“I know nothing of the chamber alluded to,” replied the Don, hardily. “You deny also,” said the Suprema, “any knowledge of your two wives?”—“I do,” said Algonah. A sigh was heard from the corpse of Amaranta. “Note that!” said the Suprema, “and now

Marquis, proceed.”—“Who was it,” said D’Antares, “that pursued me to take my life? Who has embittered my days by the spells of enchantment? Who prompted the murderer Pedro to assassinate me at noon-day? Who attempted the honour of his own daughter?—Say, whose bones are those in the dungeon of your castle?—The guilty Algonah is silent.—Now, therefore, Marano, do you bring the proof to these questions!”——“First,” said Marano, “let Algonah place his right hand on the cold and inanimate breast of his dead daughter, and swear by the holy ghost of heaven that he is innocent of her death!” Algonah trembled. “Rise!” said the Suprema;—“take the bloody dagger, advance to the body and swear by heaven!”

He again hesitated.—“If you are innocent,” said the Suprema, “why do you shrink from what is required?” “I do not shrink,” said Algonah, firmly.—“It is for the guilty only to tremble!” As he touched the breast of the pallied corpse, the blood gushed out anew, and he stood petrified to the spot. In vain he essayed to wipe it from his hand; it stuck to it like a burning flame; while profuse drops of sweat poured down his face, and the eyes of the deceased opened and stared at him. Even Algonah and the whole Court hid their faces for a few minutes, from the awful regard of the shrouded Amaranta. “Don Algonah,!” said the Suprema, “your guilt is clearly manifest.—The poniard which did the deed exactly fits the sheath found in your bosom when taken.—Olivaro too is highly guilty, but not of the death of your daughter.—Next bring forward the proof of the existence of Algonah’s wives, and of his other diabolical deeds—such proof that he cannot resist, hardened as he is in blood and crimes!”

Having made a signal to one of the secretaries, who rung a bell, a distant door opened, and two mutes led in a female, enveloped in black from head to foot.—When she drew back her veil, the Marquis d’Antares immediately recollected the tremendous features of Furialza, glaring upon him exactly as they did when he saw her performing her diabolical incantations in the horrid chamber of Montillo castle, and afterwards in the bowels of the earth.—“Now, Furialza,” said the Suprema, “having by your confession been guilty of sorcery and witchcraft—the means of tormenting the Marquis d’Antares by diabolical incantations—a chief agent in a train of vice the most unexampled—let the court witness your first step to repentance by an ample confession.” “By your leave, holy fathers,” said

Marano, "let me first ask Furialza if she ever was a nurse to a young lady, and what became of her charge?" "I was nurse to the daughter of Count Alvarez," she replied:—"I afterwards sold her to a slave merchant when I left Tunis."—"Enough!" cried Marano,—“that child is my wife, and now, by the death of Amaranta, is the only living daughter of Lady Cleona; her claim therefore to the rich estates of the murdered Count, now in the possession of Algonah, is indisputable,” Don Algonah stood motionless at this speech, surveying Marano and Furialza, and gnashing his teeth at the former.—“Now, wretch!” cried he—“it is my turn to sting thee as thou hast stung me!—Behold the man thou hast pursued to destruction!—He is at once thy victim—and thine own father!” “Great ruler of heaven!” cried Marano in agony, “can this be possible? Oh! let me perish, and never again behold the day!”—“What proof do you bring of this?” said the Suprema:—“deep as you are in iniquity, we can scarcely credit so unnatural a crime even in you.” Don Algonah then produced an ivory box, whence, on opening a secret spring, he took out a small billet:—it was handed to the chief Inquisitor, who read the following words:—“The dreadful discovery you have made to me, Roderigo, overwhelms me with horror.—Was it you that I received unsuspectingly?—O monster of depravity, I give thee warning to shun me—for if I live to rise from the bed I now languish upon, I will pursue thee, and thy guilty offspring shall heap curses on thy head!” Marano at the close of the letter, exclaiming that he was a wretch unworthy of existence, caught up the dagger, and made an effort to stab himself, but was prevented by the Marquis d’Antares.—While a smile of pleasure at this scene irradiated the brow of Algonah, Furialza came forward, and claimed attention. “Holy fathers,” said she “this Algonah is not the father of Marano.—Let him behold this ring, given as a token when I personated his sister, and supplied her place. It was I who, finding his mind equally depraved with my own, accompanied him as his page to America, and shared his excesses.—It is true his sister was deceived, and thought the infant Marano was the offspring of his incest, her husband having been some time dead.” Don Algonah surveyed the ring, and suddenly seizing the fatal dagger, he made a plunge at the bosom of Furialza, who darted from the blow. Algonah then became wild with a conflict of passions; he saw his horrid deeds substantiated; and, as he cast his glaring eyes round the Court, where execrations and curses sat on every

countenance, he raised his arm, and buried the bloody weapon in his own heart—falling on the corpse of his daughter!

The first emotions of the death of Algonah having subsided, Furialza was ordered to proceed in her confession, and satisfy Marano of his real parentage. “The father of Marano,” continued Furialza, “is the Marquis Rondolos, who is the father of Olivaro, and uncle to Emelina.—I was the companion of Marano’s mother, and early fell in love with her brother Rodrigo Algonah. The Lady Leonora was courted by the Marquis Rondolos, but her father compelled her to marry against her choice. Her husband dying a few months after his marriage, the Marquis renewed his visits, and they were privately married before the time of mourning had expired. I was the confidant in the intrigue, and secretly let the Marquis in by a private door.—Algonah, enamoured of his sister, disclosed his wishes to me, with the offer of a considerable bribe.—I confess that I deceived the deceiver, and bound him down in his nocturnal visits to secrecy. The letter just now read, which discovered to his sister her guilt, he wrote in a fit of passion; and it was her answer that occasioned his flight.—The Marquis Rondolos would have owned his marriage with Lady Juliana had she lived—but she, wounded by the fatal discovery, dying directly after the death of Marano, the Marquis Rondolos retained his own secret, and Marano, received an asylum in his house, and subsequently an appointment in the army.” “Now,” said the Suprema, “proceed to the mysteries of the horrid chamber, and whatever relates to your diabolical sorceries!”

“It was I,” said Furialza, “whom the Marquis d’Antares beheld in the Black Chamber.—He saw me half naked, and covered with blood. I was dividing the body of Perez, which Pedro had dug up from its grave; and broiling it preparatory to an incantation.—It was I who haunted the Marquis in his garden, when I announced his death.—I placed the fiery writing on the wall of his chamber, and when I led him from Pedro, whom he had nearly slain, into the bowels of the earth, I meant by my power to have transported him and myself to the flames of Mount Etna.—But both in this and a second enchantment, I found my skill vanish before the name of the Almighty.—I then began to think on the eternal vengeance of that infernal fiend Satan, to whose service I had devoted my soul, on the condition I should not die by the hands of justice.—My returning inclination to repentance was checked by the reflection that there was no hope, no mercy, for such an

abandoned wretch as myself.—In despair I then threw myself into the water, and was saved from death by Marano's kindness, who took me to the Marquis d'Antares. Here I had ventured again to rise my mind to heaven, and implore a ray of forgiveness, when the busy fiend came to pay me a final visit, and claim me as his own. Touching me with his hand I became invisible, and he transported me to the banks of the stream where I had so recently been saved from my own despair.--- "Here!" cried he, "shall thy existence terminate for deserting me—then shall thy soul be my own, and dwell in eternal torments!"—"Prince of darkness," cried I, as if illuminated from above, "in the name of the Almighty I shield myself from thee!—in his omnipotent name, which makes the powers of hell to tremble, I conjure thee to leave me!"—In a moment it thundered and lightened, a chasm opened, and with a horrible noise he descended, leaving my soul melted with gratitude to heaven." "But one thing more," said the Suprema: "Why does the ghost of Count Alvarez continue to haunt Marano?"—"The unhappy phantom," said Furialza, "will never cease to pursue Marano till he be satisfied. If you will absolve me, holy fathers, I will command his restless shade to become visible." "You are absolved!" said the Suprema.—Furialza then took a crucifix that laid on the table, and making a circle with it on the floor, and pronouncing some cabalistic words, a dark shadowy form was seen to move, till it rested on the corpse of Amaranta.—A skin only covered its bones, its eyes were sunken, and its cheeks were fleshless; horror ran through the frame of all the living, as they beheld the spectre of the dead Alvarez.—Furialza then addressed it:—"Say, spirit why you trouble the peace of the living?" No motion was visible on his lips—but a hollow voice from the breast slowly articulated, "Let my bones, which lie in the dungeon of Montillo Castle, be buried, and a mass be offered up for my tired soul.—The heir of my destroyer has obeyed my commands.—Let him do this, and he shall enjoy peace and my only daughter as his recompence." Furialza now waved the crucifix in the air, and the spirit dissolved away, leaving the astonishment of the inquirers visible in their features.—The sentence of the Court was then pronounced, "That the Marquis d'Antares and Marano be suffered to depart: that Olivaro Rondolos be mulcted in a sum to be named by the Holy Office, and that Emelina perform a penance agreeably to the pleasure of the Abbess of the Dominican Nuns."—The Court of Inquisition afterwards decreed

that Furialza be confined in one of the solitary cells of the tribunal, there to remain a year and a day to repent of her crimes, before she was sacrificed at the public *auto da fé*.—The body of Amaranta, before the Court broke up, was given to Marano for interment, and he was charged to see the funeral obsequies performed on the bones of Count Alvarez.

On the following day Marano and D'Antares went to the latter's country-house, whither they found Rimanez had conducted the ladies Juliana and Cleona, who were extremely alarmed at the long absence of their noble friends. It had been determined that nothing should be said of the business of the Inquisition till the arrival of Olivaro, which took place in a few days. With grief he informed them that for his fault the lovely Emelina was condemned to take the veil, and his determination to prevent it. Marano after Olivaro's arrival, departed with the ladies Juliana, Cleona, and Seraphina, and Rimanez, for the castle of Montillo.—He immediately performed the funeral rites to the decayed remains of Count Alvarez, and deposited the corpse of Amaranta by his side in the chapel vaults of the castle. The widows of Don Algonah were re-instated in different apartments of the castle at their choice, and the office of exorcism was performed throughout the chambers of the eastern wing, to satisfy the superstition of the servants.—The convalescence of Clementia rendered the Marquis d'Antares a happy man, and his friend Marano had no wish left ungratified, except that for his new-found brother Olivaro.—They exerted all their influence to change the sentence of the abbess, who was easily reconciled to her loss with a pecuniary fine instead of a personal punishment,—No very weighty arguments, when Emelina had joined Olivaro, were wanting to induce the latter, after a decent respect had been shewn to the memory of Amaranta, to substitute her in his affections.—Emelina had long respected him, and, seeing no hope of having Marano, she consented to the nuptials with Olivaro.—During this period, Clementia had perfectly recovered, and Rondo, finding himself, as he expressed it, in a very fit state for imitating his master with little Marta, the waiting-maid of Lady Clementia, the wedding of all the parties were performed on the same day.—Thus the three friends and relatives terminated their eventful progress to the altar of Hymen by an equal participation of connubial and retrospective happiness!

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